

China Reconstructs

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COVER PICTURES:

Front: Working in the Tachai spirit to transform their mountain home, members of the Hsiatingchia production brigade of the Taluehia commune, in Shantung province, pull over a huge boulder which will be broken up to make terrace embankments. Photo by Hua Ai.

Back: New terraced fields built by the people of Yen-an, the old revolutionary base in Shensi province. Photo by Yi Ming.

Inside front: The Chechi Hydro-electric Power Station in Hunan province designed and built by China's own engineers and workers. Photo by Sun Pi-yung.

'TACHAIS' EVERYWHERE



TACHAI, once a poor mountainous region in Shansi province where no traveller would stop for the night, is today being visited by a steady stream of people from all parts of the country. It is being held up as an example of how man, through self-reliance and determined hard work, can transform nature and emerge from backwardness. The Tachai peasants have accomplished the seemingly impossible task of making their barren, rocky hillsides into fertile terraces. Inspired by the watchword "Learn from Tachai, Catch up with Tachai, Surpass Tachai", advanced Tachai-type communes, production brigades and teams are coming to the fore by the thousands. Yes, in China today it is the Tachai spirit that is generating the steady growth of agriculture.

Ten years ago Chairman Mao Tse-tung, asking the question, "In a few decades, why can't 600 million 'paupers', by their own efforts, create a socialist country, rich and strong?" outlined the task for the Chinese people. It is true that China has a legacy of poverty and backwardness, the result of long periods of aggression by imperialism and oppression by feudalism and bureaucrat capitalism. But poverty and backwardness have never been able to make the Chinese people passive, pessimistic or resigned to "fate". On the contrary, as the saying goes, "When one is poor, one wishes to change." The drive to end poverty and backwardness is the motive force impelling us to alter conditions. Such is the aim of both revolution and construction, the former, to change the social system, the latter, to transform nature.

Neither ranges of bare mountains nor tracts of thin soil can intimidate our people. Although the laws of nature cannot be changed, we are confident that once we grasp these laws, we can bring nature into our service and turn adverse natural conditions to our advantage. For thousands of years, the Chinese peasants were downtrodden. After a long struggle against the landlords and the reactionary ruling class, they became masters in the new society. Now, in the struggle for production too, they are determined to be the winner.

LOOK how the people of Tangputi in Inner Mongolia fought wind and sand by grasping and utilizing the laws of nature (see *Fertile Fields from a Sandy Waste* on p. 9), how they made wind and water bend at their orders to move away several hundred sand dunes.

Look how the people of Linhsien county in Honan province (see *A Canal Cut Through the Mountains* on p. 4), boldly resolving to "rearrange mountains and rivers", cut across 131 mountains and 50 sheer cliffs, constructed 42 tunnels and many aqueducts over ravines to carve out a 71-kilometre-long canal, bringing water for irrigation to an area where once even drinking water was hard to get.

"To transform nature we must rely on ourselves; we cannot increase the government's burden." These words are spoken by the people in all the Tachai-type farming units. They know that the war on nature is a long one, and that they will never catch up with the advanced and free themselves from backwardness if they are to be led by the hand at every step. Hence the poorer the conditions in a

place, the more determined its people are to change them. The people of the original Tachai production brigade express their lofty spirit in this way: "A path is beaten by many footsteps, a bridge is built by many people. No mountain of flames is too terrible to cross! If we of this generation do not undertake some difficult tasks, not even for our future generations will there be any sweetness. If we are afraid of hardship, we shall never build communism."

Look how the Hsiatingchia people of Shantung province, shown on our cover, wrestle with huge stones. Never asking the government for tractors or bulldozers, but pooling collective wisdom and using their own hands, they levelled mountains, prised up and carried away enormous boulders, sifted the stony earth until only fine soil was left. They turned an impoverished village of "high mountains, thin soil and many stones, where nature itself spawns disaster" into a prosperous place of green mountains and clear water, a land of high and stable yields no matter what the weather.

INDEED, endless are the wisdom and strength of man, and it is he who plays the principal role in developing production. But before the liberation, individual peasants did not have the strength to win over nature. Now working collectively in the people's communes, they are planning and carrying out things formerly beyond their imagination. Working in the commune, the people of Linhsien made a centuries-old dream become reality. The Sunglin people of Yunnan (see *Yunnan Farmers Bridge the Centuries* on p. 6), who were still working the land with the

slash-and-burn method in the early days after the liberation, through collective strength leaped over centuries to catch up with the advanced farming units in the land — something they had never dreamed could happen.

Yet, the people are not resting with what they have achieved. The advanced must move on; the good must become better. Not long ago Chen Yung-kuei, Communist Party secretary of the Tachai brigade, made a tour of communes in other parts of the country. He said, "Beyond our mountains are more mountains; there's another sky

beyond our own. If you don't take a look, you won't know anything. When you take a look you get a big surprise. This commune is more advanced than that one." Tachai, he felt, was lagging behind many others and should learn from them and work hard to catch up. This was not mere politeness. He knew that though the whole country is now emulating Tachai, if Tachai stands still it will cease to be in the vanguard. To stay in the front, one must always look for gaps and shortcomings in one's work, fill them in and make up for them in a revolutionary way.

It is with this spirit of carrying forward the revolution without interruption, this daring to tame mountains and rivers, that the people of Tachai, of Hsiatingehia, of Tangputi, of Linhsien, of Sunglin and of countless other farming units are going forward, creating one miracle after another. When you have read the features that follow, you will find that these miracles did not happen of their own accord, but were wrought by men with picks and shovels, with sweat and ingenuity. If you ask them their secret, their answer will be: self-reliance.

A Canal Cut Through the Mountains

A section of the 71-kilometre-long Red Flag Canal.

Yang Ping-wen



SO LITTLE RAIN falls in most of the year, and so few were the water resources in Linhsien county in the Taihang Mountains in northern Honan province, that there was nothing but "barren rocks on the mountain slopes and gravel and pebbles in the dry river beds". Even drinking water was scarce, but the people dreamed of some day bringing in water from a distant source. In 1957 the county's Communist Party committee passed a resolution to lead the people in "rearranging the county's mountains and rivers" to make the dream real.

The plan was to dam the Chang River and divert its water through a 71-kilometre-long canal. To build this they had to drill 42 tunnels through the mountains, construct aqueducts over 114 ravines, hew out channels on more than 50 sheer cliffs and cut across 131 mountain peaks.

"We were born in the mountains; we're not afraid of stone!" the people said. Thus, daring to try to conquer nature, in 1960 right after the Spring Festival, tens of thousands of commune members braved the severe cold and began work in the mountains. Living in caves and grass huts, they transformed the once-deserted mountains into a construction site seething with activity.

Won't Ask for Help

The people knew that many places must want engineers, so they decided not to ask the government for one. Instead, they appointed a local young man, Wu Tsu-tai, a graduate of a secondary technical school, to take charge of the surveying and planning for the canal. They did not even want to use up cement, which they felt would be needed on state projects. Instead, they took locally plentiful limestone and burned out 56,000



The mouth of the Youth Tunnel, which runs 616 metres through hard rock.

tons of lime from which they made their own cement.

It was a big job to dam the river. As the two sections from each side neared each other the current in the middle became so strong that large rocks and even sandbags thrown into the river would not stay in place. Finally the builders decided to make a "human dam" to slow the current while others dumped the materials. Led by Peng Shih-kun, a Communist from the Jentsun People's Commune, 40 young people plunged into the water, placing themselves arm-in-arm across the opening. More people joined them until, four deep, they had formed a human wall which slowed the current enough to permit the dam to be closed.

On the canal project, the builders ran into unexpected difficulties. Their blasting loosened many boulders on the cliffs above them and these were a constant source of danger. A young man named Jen Yang-cheng organized five others in a safety crew. After blasting, before work was resumed,

they would approach the tops of the mountains by a roundabout way and then, like lizards, would work their way down the cliffs, testing the boulders with their crowbars and removing the loose ones.

Another obstacle was a kind of purplish stone known locally as "fire-hardened rock", and in conquering it, the people of Linhsien truly showed their unparalleled energy and collective ingenuity. A tunnel 616 metres long, 6.2 metres wide and 5 metres high had to be built through a peak of this hard stone. Knowing the job would be a difficult one, 500 young people got together and insisted that it be assigned to them.

The stone was so hard that when a steel wedge was hammered into it, sparks would fly in all directions. A ten-pound hammer blow produced only a white spot the size of a pea on the surface of the cliff. It was difficult to make a hole for inserting dynamite, and a charge loosened only a small piece. The work proceeded at a snail's pace — the tunnel could move ahead at



Commune members on their way to work.

only about 30 cm. a day. The young people wondered what they should do, whether they should try to keep on or give up.

Testing-Time

To encourage the young people, the Party branch asked some old revolutionaries to tell of the hard-

ships the Red Army had endured in crossing the marshlands and Great Snow Mountains on the Long March. The Red Army's example did inspire the young people. "I was born too late for the Long March and have not had the chance to be tested in the fire of revolutionary war," one young

man said, "but the building of this canal is our testing-time."

Everybody kept bringing in suggestions that they thought might speed up the work. They were passed on to Yuch Sung-tung, an old Party member and experienced tunneller, who led the young people in experimenting. They finally perfected a number of new methods of blasting which enabled the work to go ahead at the rate of 3 metres a day. Tireless labour over 17 months at last completed the Youth Tunnel, as it became known. It was an inspiration to people working on other parts of the project, who said, "If such a tunnel can be made, there's nothing we can't do."

It was a jubilant occasion on April 5, 1965 when the main canal was finally completed. It was named the Red Flag Canal in honour of the revolutionary spirit shown in its construction.

The canal and its branches, and numerous new wells dug over the past few years, have enabled the people of Linhsien to convert 300,000 mu of dry farm land into irrigated fields.

Yunnan Farmers Bridge the Centuries

IN the southwestern border province of Yunnan, northeast of its capital Kunming, lies a small rugged area of several dozen mountains all rising at least 2,350 metres above sea-level. Scattered deep in its valleys and hillsides are the 35 villages of Hui, Miao, Yi and Han people that today make up the Sunglin commune. For hundreds of years, the heavy

exploitation and oppression of landlords, village chiefs and successive governments kept these mountain people backward and their farming methods primitive. Eventually the Kuomintang reactionaries wrote the area off as "useless land".

But liberation freed the people of Sunglin and brought a leap of

centuries. No longer divided and isolated, they banded together to use their collective strength and by enormous amounts of plain hard work eliminated backward ways of farming and set out to change the face of their land.

Under the old landlords and village chiefs, the mountain region of Sunglin was a living hell of

class oppression. Practically all of the cultivable land, the forests, the cattle and sheep were owned by about 20 chiefs and landlords, who fomented disunity between the nationalities and forced the peasants to take part in feuds between villages. Into all this came the constant raids of the Kuomintang reactionaries who, under the excuse of "exterminating bandits", burned villages and massacred the people. The original 800 families in the area dwindled to 270. There were great losses in manpower, animals and farm tools. So agriculture, always low in yield, could not improve and simply remained in the primitive slash-and-burn stage. Each year the peasants cut down the trees and brush in a new place and set fire to them. They scraped the ground about two inches deep with a crudely made drag, poked holes in the soil with a stick and dropped in the seeds. This was "farming" for them, for they did not use fertilizer, water or tend the crop. The result was expressed by the familiar complaint: "Plant a whole hillside, reap just one basket of grain." Famine was common.

The Change

In early 1950 the People's Liberation Army freed the mountain passes and valleys of Sunglin and helped the people overthrow the village chiefs and landlords. The peasants of four nationalities set about changing their bleak economic picture.

The People's Government sent large amounts of material aid so that they had enough food and the animals and farm tools they needed. But the peasants were quick to realize that their backward state could not be changed

solely by depending on government aid. Their primitive methods of farming had to be done away with and cultivation stabilized on the same plots of land. This, they knew, could only be done with the work of their own hands.

In 1954 their need to increase their strength for transforming nature led them to form mutual-aid teams. That winter they decided to reclaim five small pieces of flat land totalling 1,300 mu up in the mountains. This



Preparing fertilizer in the Sunglin commune for use in the spring. Yang Chen-hua

Commune members carry rich humus-mixed soil from a ravine in the mountains to their fields.



'TACHAIS' EVERYWHERE

land had been left idle and had gone to ruin after the many burn-and-kill raids of the reactionaries. The old fields were full of stones and rock washed down the slopes during the heavy rainy seasons. Water stood in pools and thick brambles grew everywhere. It was only possible to grow a little buckwheat or a few potatoes around the edges.

But the soil was basically good and could be made into fields for steady, year after year cultivation. The peasants first concentrated their forces on the piece known as the Tangzupien tract, surrounded by hills on all sides. The ground was soggy with accumulated water blocked from running off by an elevation at the lower end, 7 metres high and 50 metres wide. With only simple tools and carrying baskets, the peasants dug all winter in the wind and snow and finally, as spring came, cut through, drained off the water, and began to clear the land.

After the five tracts were cleared and prepared, they began to work on the hillsides, digging out rock and levelling, hauling stones and constructing retaining walls, turning the barren slopes into small terraced fields. The steeper or higher slopes they left for planting trees to help hold soil and water. By the time agricultural cooperatives were being formed in 1956, the Sunglin people had turned 4,000 mu of land into fields for steady cultivation. Grain shortages were at last past history.

Toward Continuous High Yields

Now that fairly stable harvests were possible, the next step was to improve the soil and raise its fertility. Every winter and spring from 1956 to 1960, the Sunglin people went over the mountain trails to Shanching Ravine where good rich silt had accumulated for generations. Digging it out by

hand and carrying it to their fields on their backs, in those four years they put in a total of 60,000 workdays and enriched 2,912 mu of commune land with 30,000 jin of soil per mu.

After this monumental job, they devised plans to make fertilizing the fields faster and easier. Since their slopes were steep and the fields scattered, transporting manure to them was difficult. Commune members built 126 animal sheds right at the fields, herding their cattle and sheep nearby in good weather. Gradually the land mellowed and the soil became steadily richer. Years of hard work have created a stable cropland and expanded it to more than 6,000 mu. Last year the grain harvests were nearly five times those of 1950, just after the liberation. Livestock raising and forestry have also expanded vigorously.

1 jin = 0.5 kg. or 1.1 lb.
1 mu = 0.06 hectare or 0.16 acre

Primitive farm implements used before the liberation have been replaced by tractors and modern tools.



The brigade's tree nursery.



Water channelled through the sand hills helps to chase them away.

Fertile Fields from a Sandy Waste

AFTER 15 years of hard work, the members of a production brigade whose land lies in the eastern part of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region have turned their treeless, sandy waste into fertile grain fields and grazing grounds crisscrossed by shelter belts and irrigation canals. The story of the Tangputi brigade is one of heroic battles against wind and sand on a 9,000-mu stretch along the lower reaches of the Yin River near the border of Liaoning province.

Here in the old days sand was the big problem. There were a dozen sand flats, each 20 mu in area, 200 sand hills each covering two mu, and countless dunes. There was not a tree in the place, and when the wind rose, the sun became blotted out and travellers lost their way. Doors became blocked and people had to leave their half-buried homes through the windows.

When spring came and sowing should have been done, there was often a drought. When the grain came up it was frequently killed by an onslaught of wind and sand.

Even if some sort of crop managed to grow, it was likely to be washed away by a flood during the heavy June and July rains. Waging a continuous war against nature and mercilessly exploited by the landlord class, the peasants remained ground down in dire poverty.

The Way Opens

In 1947, land reform was carried out in Tangputi. The peasants urgently wanted to change these backward conditions. But natural calamities continued as before. There was an almost total crop failure in 1949 when a bad sandstorm in June was followed by a flood in July. Most families lived on government relief grain. "The Communist Party has enabled us to overthrow the landlords; shall we allow 'heaven' to go on bullying us?" the peasants said. As Wang Yung-chen who had spent most of his life as a hired labourer put it, "We poor people must show determination. We must control the sand!"

Working as individuals, it was impossible for the peasants to transform nature. But in 1950 the

Communist Party branch helped the people of Tangputi village to get organized and raised the slogan, "Let us go to battle with the wind and sand!"

They proceeded along three main lines: stabilization of the sand through extensive tree planting, removal of the sand hills with the aid of wind and water, covering the sand and improvement of the soil through the use of river silt.

Stabilizing the Sand

Tree planting was not an immediate success. People even found it hard to make a hole deep enough in the shifting sand to anchor the saplings. Trees planted one year would often be pulled out dead the next.

Those who had never been convinced that tree planting could succeed began to complain, "Let's not go on wasting our efforts. The idea should be dropped once and for all." But the village head, Chen Hung-en, and the poorest peasants retorted, "We have no choice, either we give in to the sand or we keep on working. It's

the only way we can ever change our life."

Chen Hung-en and the Party branch secretary, Liu Chen-kuo, tried to figure out the reasons for failure. They walked to a neighbouring village which had a good big clump of growing trees. They noticed that those in the centre were much bigger and taller than the ones near the edges. This made them realize that at Tangputi planting had been too scattered. They put their ideas to the peasants, who agreed that if they planted the trees in larger and more concentrated lots it was likely that at least some would survive. However, some people remained dubious that trees could have the desired effect on the sand, so they planted carelessly and the wind uprooted what they put in. The Party branch then called a village meeting to discuss the difficulties in production and everyday life resulting from the lack of wood and trees, and what benefits they would bring. Confidence rose and the quality of work improved.

Groups of villagers visited other places to learn more about afforestation. Each year they planted more than the year before, and the rate of survival increased steadily. After ten years of hard work they had over 2,800 mu of wooded plots and 14 crissercrossing shelter belts which formed a wall of green around nearly 5,000 mu of land. They had also planted willows and poplars along the river dyke to strengthen its banks. Today they have one million trees, and fierce yellow sandstorms have become a thing of the past.

Removing the Sand Hills

The wind and sand also contributed to the drought. As they planted trees, the people began to think about irrigation. They planned a main channel to carry water from the river to the most distant fields. It was to be three metres wide and five kilometres long. As work was begun in the windy spring, each morning they found

the channel they had dug the day before had been filled with sand by the wind at night. Then they hit on the idea of running water into the stretch they dug before knocking off work. Since the land sloped away from the river, the water pushed the sand along down the slope. In this way they completed the channel after working through two spring seasons.

Even with the channel, they could not irrigate until they had levelled the sand. They had already been using water to remove sand while digging the watercourse. They now set to work to think how they could utilize it to level fields. They dug a number of ditches leading to the dunes. When water was run into them, it undermined the sand and carried it to the lower levels.

The successful use of water to remove sand gave some people the idea that wind might also be put to work. "The sand hills are built by the wind," they said. "Why shouldn't we make the wind remove them?" They began by "shaving" the sand hills, i.e., they removed the hard surface held down by the roots of coarse grasses. As soon as the wind rose, sure enough, it blew away the exposed sand. Always with the wind behind them, they stripped off the surface piece by piece and the wind carried the sand forward. Big hills thus became small ones until finally the ground was levelled.

After the maximum use had been made of wind and water, the remaining sand was removed by the people with their baskets and shoulder-poles. It was calculated that in ten years they shifted a total of two million cubic metres, or enough to build a wall one metre high, one metre wide and 2,000 kilometres long.

Irrigation and drainage channels were steadily extended, until today there is a fairly complete system with a total length of 25 kilometres. This is an effective weapon in countering drought,

preventing flood and controlling encroachment by sand.

Covering the Sand

As land was levelled, the people of Tangputi went to work to make it more fertile. They did this by flooding it with river water, letting the silt settle and the water seep away through the sand. By repeating this operation year after year, they have gradually changed the character of the soil on 4,700 mu, or half their land.

In 15 years the people of Tangputi have completely transformed the aspect of their land. Their forest belts form an effective barrier against wind and sand and have brought about climatic changes and lengthened the frost-free period. They have also made it possible for enough grass to grow to keep 200 head of livestock. In 1964 the average per-unit yield of grain was six times as much as before the liberation. Instead of depending on state relief, the farmers now deliver large quantities of grain to the government.

This is not to say that members of the Tangputi brigade are satisfied. Inspired by the spirit of the Tachai brigade in Shansi province, they have set their aims still higher. In the winter of 1964 they planted seven new shelter belts to strengthen the river dyke, and afforested an additional 200 mu. They pushed forward the improvement of their land and farming techniques.

With the increase in output, the life of the members has steadily improved. Eighty per cent of the families have built new houses and the village has electric lighting. In addition, electricity is used to mill grain and power other small machines. Through radio broadcasts the people are kept up to date with both national and international news, thus dispelling their old isolation. The brigade's accumulation fund, which will enable further development, now stands at ¥150,000.

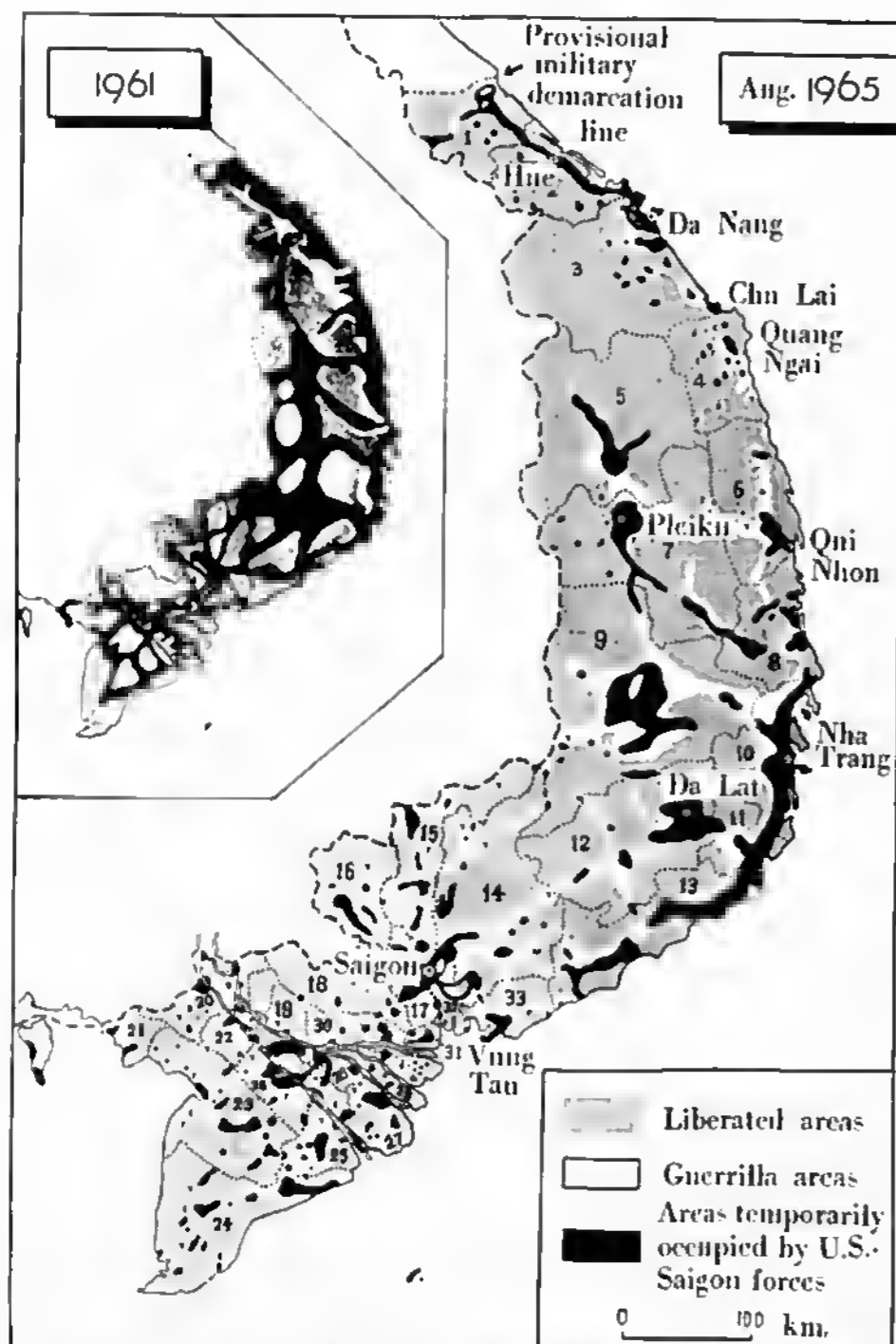


Tangputi—yesterday a desolate waste with houses half-buried in the sand, today a thriving community with fertile fields.

The 'Big Red 1' Gets a Mauling

YU TUNG

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH VIETNAM



The numbers on the map indicate the provinces as follows: 1. Quang Tri 2. Thua Thien 3. Quang Nam 4. Quang Ngai 5. Kon Tum 6. Binh Dinh 7. Gia Lai 8. Phu Yen 9. Dac Lac 10. Khanh Hoa 11. Ninh Thuan 12. Lam Dong 13. Binh Thuan 14. Bien Hoa 15. Thu Dau Mot 16. Tay Ninh 17. Cho Lon 18. Tan An 19. Sa Dec 20. Chau Doc 21. Ha Tien 22. Long Xuyen 23. Rach Gia 24. Bac Lieu 25. Soc Trang 26. Can Tho 27. Tra Vinh 28. Vinh Long 29. Ben Tre 30. My Tho 31. Go Cong 32. Gia Dinh 33. Ba Ria

Based on the maps in the Vietnam Courier, No. 41, 1965; Hanoi, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

I RECENTLY interviewed South Vietnam Liberation Army soldiers who had taken part in the routing of the U.S. First Infantry Division in the Bau Bang battle last November 12. In the three-hour engagement, 2,040 U.S. aggressors were killed or wounded. Included were a brigade field command, two infantry battalions, two convoys of armoured cars and one company of artillery.

The U.S. First Infantry Division, known as the "Big Red 1", is one of the best armed and equipped. It has a reputation as an "ace" fighting unit. When it was sent to south Vietnam last July, the Pentagon bragged that it was "a crack outfit" of "skilful fighters". But when I arrived at the Liberation Army camp I was shown brand-new U.S. arms recently captured from this unit, and the Vietnamese fighters declared that with such excellent weapons delivered by the U.S. "transport corps" they would soon exhibit their power. They also showed me all kinds of souvenirs they had brought back from the Bau Bang battle. Most interesting were insignia bearing the big red "1" worn by the invaders, and a message from the division commander, Major-General Jonathan O. Seaman, urging his men to live up to their "honourable insignia" and to "add another glorious page to its history". Instead, at Bau Bang the unit had been cut to pieces.

When it came to south Vietnam "Big Red 1" was stationed north of Saigon in Bien Hoa and Thu Dau Mot provinces. Under cover

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South Vietnam Liberation Army men recount battle exploits.

Kuo Chi

of planes and supported by armoured cars, its units were sent again and again into "Resistance Zone D" for "mopping-up operations". It was loudly announced they would flush out the Liberation Army and attack it. But they searched in vain. They never even saw a shadow of the army in their blind probes.

On November 10, the arrogant Yankees of the First Division tried a different tactic. Led by the field command of one of its brigades, two infantry battalions supported by tanks and two convoys of M-113 amphibious armoured cars, and an artillery company, advanced northwards from Lai Khe along Highway 13. They encamped six kilometres from their base, north of Bau Bang village. The following night they surreptitiously retreated one kilometre and en-

camped near a rubber plantation south of the village, surrounding themselves with 40 armoured cars and tanks. The 2,000 U.S. invaders were now concentrated in an area two kilometres long and 400 metres wide. They had hoped to conceal their whereabouts for a surprise attack on Liberation Army units in "Zone D" the next day. The Liberation Army decided not to let the Yankees seek them in vain. Before dawn on November 12 they fell on the enemy troops in full force and completely routed them.

How the Attack Was Planned

The units of the south Vietnam people's forces given orders to wipe out the "Big Red 1" were alerted. All pledged to face any hardship or sacrifice needed to exterminate the U.S. bandits. When

one unit of 80 fighters returned after transporting rice for the army to find that other units had already set out for the attack, they immediately seized their arms and rushed off to catch up, without waiting to eat. Like flying arrows, the various units converged on Bau Bang. To save time, they didn't go round by paths but plunged straight through thick under-

Near Saigon—a U.S. major gets his just punishment.





Kuo Chi
Helicopter shot down by
south Vietnam guerrillas.



Dense smoke rising from the U.S. air base at Bien Hoa after an
attack by the people's armed forces. In this action 149 planes were
destroyed or damaged and 350 U.S. invaders killed or wounded.

growth and thorns. As they passed small hamlets and homes, the people came out to wish them success in the attack. They gave information about the enemy's movements and served as guides.

Before 5 in the morning of November 12, all units of the people's forces had quietly taken up their positions. The invaders were surrounded. But, fast asleep, they never knew they were being watched from points less than 200 metres away.

Promptly at three minutes past five, the people's forces attacked simultaneously from the north and the south. A hail of shells, home-made bombs, anti-tank grenades and bullets fell on the armoured cars, tanks, the command post and the camp. The explosions shook the earth and flames leaped skyward. In a few minutes the six 105-mm. howitzers in the artillery positions were knocked out without having fired a shot, and many of the armoured cars and tanks had been reduced to scrap. The radio post had been knocked out of commission, cutting off communications with divisional headquar-

ters at Lai Khe and other battalions. The enemy was in utter confusion, the command losing control of its men.

Under cover of gunfire and a heavy ground fog in the forest, the people's fighters surged into the camp with fixed bayonets. After 15 minutes of hand-to-hand fighting they had cut the enemy units into several sections. Then shock groups dashed in, split the enemy forces up into many small pockets and wiped these out one by one.

The attack from the left flank had come with tremendous force. Having smashed two tanks with home-made bombs, they dashed forward, seized some armoured cars and used their machine guns to spray the enemy with fire. At one point, anti-tank artillery squad leader La Vo The saw that fire was still coming from some armoured cars. His low position and some small rubber trees in front of him interfered with the firing of his gun. Defying the enemy, he stood up and raised his weapon. Vice-company leader Lam Hai rushed forward and steadied

it on his shoulders. The first shell hit a tank which burst into flames, killing four invaders trapped inside. Another tank was hit by the second shot. La Vo The then courageously ran forward and from a position only 50 metres from the armoured cars fired repeatedly, destroying five of them.

During the attack in another sector, 16-year-old Nguyen Van Tien ran up to a group of armoured cars. They were empty but their engines were running. Looking around, he sighted enemy soldiers hiding under an armoured car a little way off and shooting wildly. Nguyen Van Tien crept up behind them, threw an anti-tank grenade at the car and fired with his rifle at the soldiers, who were all killed.

The 'Honourable Insignia'

Under attack by the Liberation Army, the Yankees of the "Big Red 1" threw the "honourable insignia" to the winds and ran for their lives. To get away faster, some dropped their arms and ammunition. Others tried to hide in the undergrowth. Nguyen Xuan, a vice-squad leader, spotted two

U.S. soldiers with a machine gun. He got round behind them, covered them with his automatic and shouted, "Hands up!" But they raised their machine gun to fire. Nyugen Xuan was on the alert. He quickly shot and killed them. Nguyen ran over to examine their gun. There was not a single bullet in it—in their panic the men had left their ammunition behind. When Le Minh, leader of the third platoon, tried to pick up a pair of

boots he saw in the grass, he found that he had captured an enemy soldier who was trembling with fear.

Some time after ten in the morning, the U.S. imperialists sent a large number of planes, including B-52 bombers, to bomb the battle area. But all they did was to kill some of the American wounded strewn along Highway 13. The Liberation Army had withdrawn and disappeared long before.

Neither the "Big Red 1" nor "sky cavalry", nor anything else can save the U.S. imperialists from the doom that awaits them on the battlefields of south Vietnam. The south Vietnam people's war, like lava flowing from a volcano, will burn the seemingly strong but actually weak U.S. "crack" troops to cinders, and the American invaders will only add the most shameful and miserable pages to the history of U.S. imperialism.

Industry Briefs

Big Cold-storage Plant in Peking

TO KEEP the increasing quantities of meat, poultry, eggs, fruit and other perishable foods fresh for the capital, a new 10,000-ton capacity cold-storage plant has been completed in Peking.

One of the largest cold-storage plants in China, it is six stories high and takes up 18,000 square metres of floor space. It uses an ammonia cooling system. Temperature of the storage rooms is nor-

mally 18° C. below zero, but can be regulated to suit the various kinds of foods stored at different times of the year. Goods from train or truck are first unloaded on specially-built platforms, from where they are carried by large elevators to the various compartments on different floors.

New Petroleum Chemical Works

A new chemical works, turning the waste gases of the petroleum industry into raw materials for synthetic fibres and plastics, has gone into trial production.

The raw materials it produces are already being used in the manufacture of many types of goods. Its polyacrylonitrile goes into artificial white wool and soft woollen yarn. Its low-pressure polyethylene is an ingredient in plastic sheets, line for fishing nets and other items for industrial or household use. Its polystyrene makes high-grade insulating materials, foam plastics and such articles as soap boxes and drinking cups.

The plant was designed by Chinese engineers and technicians. Equipment and machinery were made through the cooperation of more than 200 factories.



The new petroleum chemical plant.

Yang Pu-tao

The 100,000 Whys

WANG KUO-CHUNG



lively language, such as "Why does the peanut plant grow flowers on the stem but bear fruit in the ground?" "Why is Mount Jolmo Lungma growing taller?" "How do we know how old the earth is?" In answering them the scientists also followed this approach, using popular language, vivid examples and interesting stories.

Explanations often include additional information which underscores the idea that nature can be transformed to serve man. After answering the question, "Why do hens lay fewer eggs in winter?" we explain that to induce the hens to lay more eggs, artificial lighting can produce the effect of three days in two days.

Our books have actually stimulated readers to think of many

more questions. In the past three years we have received more than 5,000 questions from our readers — students, teachers, soldiers, geological surveyors in different parts of the country, and from Chinese people living abroad. We have also gathered 10,000 questions from schools and organizations. We have revised the series and added some 1,000 more questions and answers which bring the number of books to 14. We have also asked well-known scientists to review the sections within their fields. Among them are Chu Ko-chen (Coching Chu), geographer and vice-president of the Chinese Academy of Sciences; Li Ssu-kuang (J. S. Lee), geologist and president of the All-China Federation of Scientific Societies; and Tsui Yi-tien, Vice-Minister of Health.

WHY do rubber tires have raised treads? Why are there so many weeds in the fields when nobody sows them? Will the sun ever burn out? Flies live in such filthy places, why don't they get sick? Children can raise the most unusual questions, which parents are often at a loss to answer. Our Children's Publishing House also gets such questions from young readers. Through their childish handwriting we seem to see thousands of pairs of eyes looking in wonder to us for answers. We do everything possible to provide them.

One of our tasks in giving children a socialist education is to help them acquire a correct scientific understanding of nature from the dialectical materialist viewpoint. Our aim is to help them know from the time they are very young that man is master over nature, that the countless ever-changing phenomena of nature can be explained scientifically and are not, as grandmothers once told children, the work of gods or spirits. We both arouse their interest in science and create in them the determination to conquer nature. For this purpose, in 1958 we began to edit a series of books written simply and in a lively style especially for

WANG KUO-CHUNG is assistant editor-in-chief of the Children's Publishing House.

children, called *A Hundred Thousand Whys*.

The name "Hundred Thousand" merely conveys the idea of a great number; in reality, the eight volumes in the series answer altogether 1,500 questions in the fields of mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy and meteorology, geology, agriculture, zoology, botany, physiology and hygiene. Answers on the various topics, such as the Milky Way, the wind, thunder, insects, trees and foods are closely related to industrial and agricultural production, happenings in everyday life and what the children learn in school.

The series has been very popular with young readers since it appeared in 1961. To date, some six million copies have been sold. The series has also been issued in braille and in Korean, Kazakh, Uighur and Mongolian for members of China's minority nationalities. A Vietnamese translation has been published in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

Though the books were originally intended for youngsters up through secondary school, to our surprise, adults showed great interest in them. The Chinese Communist Youth League, whose members are between the ages of 15 and 25, proposed that it be listed among the essential books for

youth workers. On the basis of some of the items in it, the Shanghai Scientific and Educational Film Studio made a film named *The Wise Old Man*.

What Children Want to Know

The success of *A Hundred Thousand Whys* is due to the work and cooperation of hundreds of people whom we consulted. Our first considerations were: What interests children and what do they need? What specific questions arise out of their studies and their everyday life?

To find out, we held many discussions among schoolchildren and asked the Young Pioneer organizations in the schools to collect questions for us. This brought us some very provocative questions and many that adults would not be likely to think of, such as why steam rises from the ice-sticks the children eat in summer, or "Why does the moon follow us wherever we go?"

For adequately covering all essential scientific knowledge, we knew it was not enough to base ourselves solely on the children's questions, most of which rise from random observations. So we asked teachers and scientists to provide us with questions which systematically covered their fields, and were related to industrial and agri-

cultural production. Examples are: "Why is limestone used in smelting iron and making steel?" "Why are crops usually sown in rows running north and south?" We selected 1,500 out of 4,000 questions collected in this way and then passed them around for the approval of schoolchildren, teachers and scientists.

For the answers, we asked the help of 235 scientists in different fields. They showed great interest in the books because they consider it their duty to bring up scientifically-minded future citizens. In fact, many more people than that number actually had a part in the project. Over twenty scientific societies in Shanghai held special meetings on the questions and included preparations of the answers in their work plans. The institutes of zoology, botany and bee-keeping of the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Peking and the Purple Mountain Observatory in Nanking assigned special researchers to answer our questions. Dozens of industrial units, including chemical, asbestos, alcohol and brick-and-tile factories, provided us with material and data or showed us how their products were made.

The Way They Like It

In posing the questions, we did our best to choose popular and



Editor Chang Po-wen collecting comments from young readers.

Chen Ken-pao

Making the Heart of the Watch

TANG KE-HSIN

PEOPLE in China are now wearing wrist watches made entirely in their own country. Shanghai watch repairmen began making watches in 1958, but the jewels and the hairspring, often called "the heart" of the watch, still had to be imported. Today, however, we manufacture these parts at the normal technical standards of quality and performance. To make

an ordinary 17-jewel watch requires jewels of 4 different types, 10 specifications and 76 inspection standards. They are so small that inspection on them is done under a microscope and care must be taken that they do not become lost under the fingernails. A domed jewel, for example, is about one-three hundredth (1/300) the size of an ordinary grain of rice.

Workers at the Shanghai Wrist Watch Plant check the performance of watches made with domestically produced jewels and hairsprings.

Tang Yun-jen



It must be perfectly polished and have a hole drilled through it with a recess at one end and a slightly raised spherical surface at the other. A pallet jewel of about the same size has 7 surfaces, 10 points and 15 edges. The other jewels of a watch have similar precision requirements.

A Converted Fountain Pen Plant

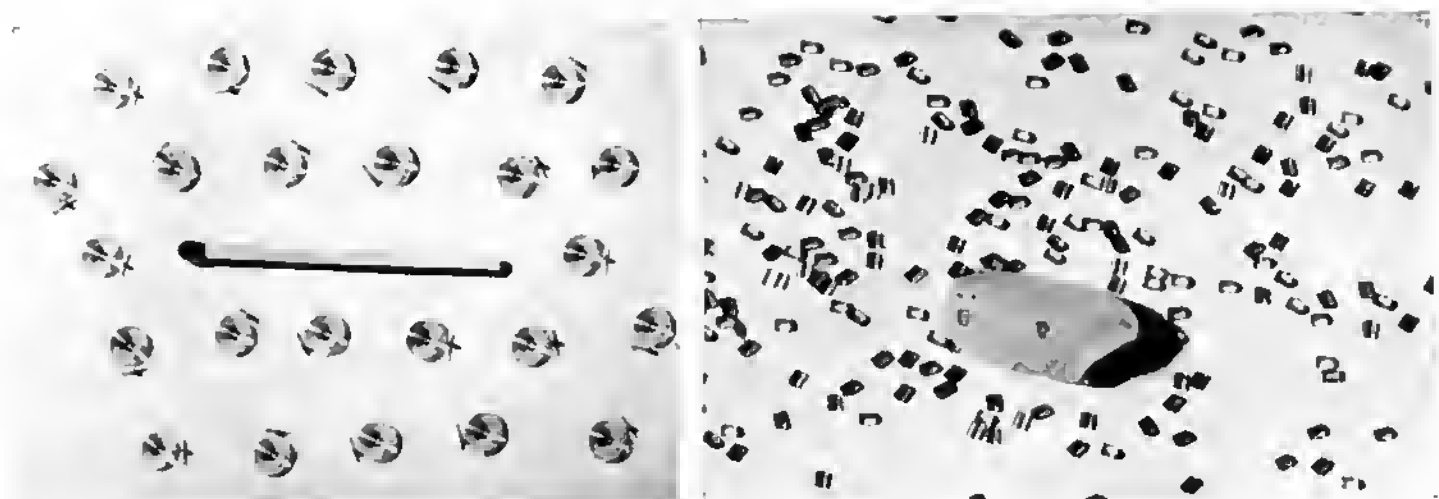
In 1960 an ordinary fountain pen factory in Shanghai, the Kuan Le-ming Plant, received an unusual order: convert and go over to making jewels and hairsprings for watches. A few jade carvers were transferred there and a small shop making clock springs was merged with it. By the end of November a new signboard hung at the front gate—"Shanghai Watch Parts Factory".

At the time, no plant in China made watch jewels or hairsprings and the battle was to learn how. To begin with, workers and technicians were sent to study at the Shanghai Wrist Watch Plant where they worked during the day and went to technical classes at night. They laid down strict rules for themselves: each must take detailed notes of the lectures and every day sum up in writing what he had learned. After their studies at this plant, they travelled over half of China to learn from factories using manufacturing processes which might help them.

Learning How on Their Own

The workers in the new plant began to experiment on a mass scale, dividing into groups for the purpose. Of the eight people in the impulse pin group, only master workman Chen, a former jade carver, had ever tried to make one. He showed samples to his co-workers the first day. They were so tiny that they could neither be threaded on fine steel wire nor held in the fingers for polishing. They learned that in foreign countries the pin was set between a plate and a disk like the turntable of a record player and polished with an abrasive. When

TANG KE-HSIN, a worker-writer, is a member of the Union of Chinese Writers and is now working in a Shanghai cotton textile mill.



Hairsprings and a match.

The smallest jewels and an ordinary grain of rice.

they first tried this method, the pins were washed away with the abrasive and water. They tightened the plate, but then the pins could not roll and became flattened. Many experiments produced only flattened or odd-shaped pins, or they disappeared altogether.

Yu Lan-ying, a woman worker in the group, had noticed that a centreless grinder used by the hole jewel group for getting smooth surfaces worked well. Why can't we use a centreless grinder too, she thought. The conditions were different, she was told: the hole jewel was bigger and could be strung on a fine wire for polishing, while their own pins were too small and had no holes. Nevertheless, she would not give up her idea. The plant director, Party secretary and some co-workers joined her in experimenting. veteran machine operators improved their equipment, and inspectors helped them find the reasons for the defects. Finally, after months of work, Yu Lan-ying and her group found a satisfactory way to polish the impulse pins.

Going Ahead Boldly

One after another, the other groups also solved the problems involved in making the parts assigned to them. But the cost of production was much higher than the world price. The key to lower cost lay in better equipment.

But where would the equipment come from? Rely on foreign manufacturers? If the battle was one of becoming self-reliant, how could they fail to meet the chal-

lenge in the matter of equipment? To ask Chinese machine-tool plants to build the equipment would require a lot of capital. What is more, because they were groping their way, they could not supply the detailed and accurate blueprints the manufacturers would need. Their own resourcefulness was the only answer.

The deputy plant director in charge of making the equipment was 24-year-old Wang Yung-chih, who had been promoted from the ranks less than six months before. Tall and sturdy, he spoke with a rapid ringing voice. "There's no problem," he said confidently. "We have quite a number of good mechanics." In reality, the only "mechanics" in the plant were 50 machine repairmen and die-makers.

Their first task was to make a centreless grinder fine enough to polish jewels. Led by Wang, the mechanics decided to use the plant's only centreless grinder as a model. It was no easy job, for the tolerance of the parts of the new machine could not exceed 0.007 mm, if the jewels it polished were to be perfect. Without blueprints, they copied the parts one by one. Without proper machines, they found other ways to make them. When their first grinder was ready to test, they asked experienced workers in the plant and engineers and technicians from other factories to make a critical inspection of it. Close examination uncovered 48 defects, each of which the group took as a fortress to be conquered by their own efforts.

They went back to work, taking the advice of the workers on how to improve it. Six months later the 48 defects had been eliminated.

Victories such as this increased the confidence of the workers. Breaking with the old idea that all things foreign are superior, they boldly tried to simplify and improve on the design of the foreign machines, eliminating or replacing bad parts. They built a new hole-reaming machine, for instance, which was only one-quarter the size of the foreign one and had only one-third as many parts.

Not content with these machines, they went ahead to mechanize the manual operations still needed to make their watch parts. It was difficult to know where to start, for machines had never been used before. But one of the workers said, "Why should we be stopped just because there is no model? The hand operation itself is our model. The first machine man ever built had no model: they copied the action of the hands." Tackling the problem this way, some made drawings, others made working models with wood, tin and scrap material, seeking to make machines which would do what the hand had done. One by one the hand operations were replaced.

Making the Hairspring

The hairspring, though only a tiny band of steel, raised a tough problem. The men had to learn the correct composition of the high quality spring steel that went into it, how to make it in their small furnace and how to draw very fine

ribbons of it from larger rods. The bands then had to be wound into an 11-round spiral with a tolerance of only 0.01 mm. of space between the coils. After winding, this shape had to be fixed and tempered under high temperature.

Shen Hsing-chen, a woman worker whose previous job had been making the slit in pen points, found it particularly hard to wind the bands into the correct spiral. She quickly caught up with the others, but wondered why only 40 or 50 per cent of the bands they wound were good enough. If the reject rate was not cut down, they would not be able to raise

output. Rejects meant loss to the country, and Shen and her co-workers checked and experimented day after day and often far into the night. When they were tired, their sense of responsibility to the people drove their fatigue away. At last they found the trouble — the constant wear and tear of the surface finish of the mandrel on the winding machine, which caused the springs to be wound unevenly. But very few in the plant knew how to repair or make the mandrel.

"Let's learn how to do it ourselves." After experimenting and practising for over a month, they

finally learned not only how to maintain the mandrels but also how to make them themselves. Gradually the problems in winding the hairsprings were solved.

All in all, the workers designed and built several hundred machines and other pieces of equipment, worked out several thousand operations for making the hairsprings and jewels. They received material and technical help from 64 industrial plants, research institutes, colleges and universities.

Today 17-jewel watches, from raw materials to finished parts, from case to works, are entirely "made in China".

DO YOU KNOW?

Chinese Tea

CHINA was the first country in the world to cultivate the tea shrub and her people the first to drink tea. It has been known at least 2,000 years. "When a guest comes, show your respect with a cup of tea" is part of Chinese etiquette.

Kinds

There are five main categories of Chinese tea, classified according to their characteristics and the way the leaves are processed.

Black Tea: The freshly picked leaves are allowed to shrivel. Then they are rolled, fermented and toasted until they become dark. Made with boiling water, the tea is a rich red colour with a strong aroma.

Green Tea: The enzymes in unfermented leaves are killed with high temperature and the leaves keep their shape and natural green colour. Made with boiling water, the tea is pale yellow-green with a full flavour. China produces the largest amount of green tea in the world.

Oolong: This famous tea is made by an elaborate and careful method which ferments the edges of the leaves but not the centre. Hence the name "green leaves bordered with red". It has a particular delicacy possessed by both black and green tea.

Scented Tea: This is made by adding fragrant flower buds to the green tea leaves, transferring such scents as those of jasmine, magnolia, chloranthus and orange blossoms to the green leaves.

Brick Tea: The processed tea leaves are steamed and placed into moulds to compress them into various sizes and shapes which may resemble a brick or a round cake. Brick tea is easy to carry over long distances. The tea is simmered and has a deep colour and heavy flavour.

Some Famous Teas

Keemun Black, with a long history, gets its name from the place in Anhwei province where it is grown. It has an aroma unmatched by other black teas.

Yunnan Black, which contains much pekoe, is made with the famous Yunnan big-leaf tea and is a prized black variety.

Lungching is a famous green tea produced at Lungching near scenic West Lake in Hangchow, Chekiang province. The leaves are smooth and flat and, under boiling water, resemble fresh green flower petals. The tea is a clear pale green.

Huangshan Maofeng is cultivated in the scenic Huangshan Mountains over 1,000 metres high. When the

leaves are budding in the spring, the dense morning mists produce fine and tender leaves. The tea is rich with a strong aroma and can be brewed over several times.

Pilochun is produced in the Tungting Mountains in Kiangsu province. The leaves are picked just after budding in the spring. They are tightly rolled, resembling green snails covered with silvery down. The tea is tender green with a refreshing aroma.

Tuntu is grown in the mountains of Tunchi in Anhwei province. The tea is clear and has a fresh, smooth flavour.

Pinglu is produced in Pingshui, Chekiang province. The prepared leaves form tiny spheres that look like pearls. Hence the name "pearl tea".

Tieh Kuan Yin, grown in Fukien province, is a variety of Oolong tea. At first sip the tea is slightly bitter, but it soon turns sweet, tasting a bit like honey.

Wuyi Rock Tea is another famous Oolong variety. Poems and writings recording and praising it appeared as early as the Tang and Sung dynasties (7th-13th centuries). It is grown in the Wuyi Mountains among the rocks of sheer cliffs and deep quiet ravines, well watered the year round by springs.



Decorative Tiles and Bricks

THE grandeur and magnificence of Chinese palaces and temples is greatly enhanced by the use of glazed tiles and bricks, the brilliance and colour of which have not dimmed with the ages. There are also animals and birds of the same material. Placed on ridges and upturned eaves, they have a marvellously decorative effect. Glazed brick screens standing at entrances bearing designs in relief of dragons, phoenixes, clouds, cranes, peonies and lotus flowers are of singular beauty. Most famous are two huge nine-dragon screens, one in Tatung, Shansi province, built about 400 years ago in the Ming dynasty; the other in Peihai Park in Peking, built during the Ching dynasty some 200 years later. The builders of pagodas, pavilions and archways standing in palace and temple grounds also made extensive use of these same materials. Their use by commoners was prohibited on pain of death.

Glazed pottery appeared in China more than 2,000 years ago and the technique was applied to building tiles and bricks in the 5th and 6th centuries. At first the shapes were simple and in only a few colours. But as time went on, carving became more complex and many more colours were added.

A special clay found above coal deposits, called *kantze* clay, is used for the body of the tiles and bricks. It is ground into powder, mixed with water to form a dough, shaped, then the designs are carved with a sharp knife. An initial firing follows completion of the drying process. The colours are obtained from pulverized minerals mixed with the glaze. A second

firing follows application of the glaze. The result is a lustre that will withstand scorching sun, wind or rain for hundreds of years.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, when many landscaped gardens were built, the use of glazed tiles and bricks became more widespread. In their setting of pine and cedar trees, and flower beds, these structures add great charm and warmth of colour — purple, peacock green, emerald green, sky blue, deep yellow, as well as grey and plain white — to the scene. An example is the hexagonal pavilion in the Peking Palace Museum grounds. Here the purple roof provides a contrast to the decoration at the top, which is sky blue with white plum blossom and line designs. In the palace grounds many balustrades and small picture-windows of various attractive shapes are works of art which have been made with glazed bricks and tiles.

ARCHITECTS and craftsmen have worked together since the liberation to develop new types of glazed bricks and tiles that meet

the needs of socialist society. They have been widely used in public buildings devoted to the service of the people. These include in Peking the Great Hall of the People, Museum of Chinese History, Museum of the Chinese Revolution, Military Museum of the Chinese People's Revolution, Museum of Chinese Art, National Agricultural Exhibition Centre, Cultural Palace of Nationalities, and the central railway station. Manufacturing techniques have been improved and designs are no longer of mythological figures and animals with associations of feudal superstition. The glazed eaves of the Great Hall of the People bear a design of sunflowers, symbolic of the way the people's hearts turn towards the Chinese Communist Party. The ridges of the roof of the Cultural Palace of Nationalities are adorned with doves, the symbol of peace. The materials and techniques used in the making of glazed bricks and tiles are now being applied to other products such as ornamental vases, jars and the traditional Chinese barrel-like stools.

The Nine-Dragon Screen in Peking's Peihai Park.

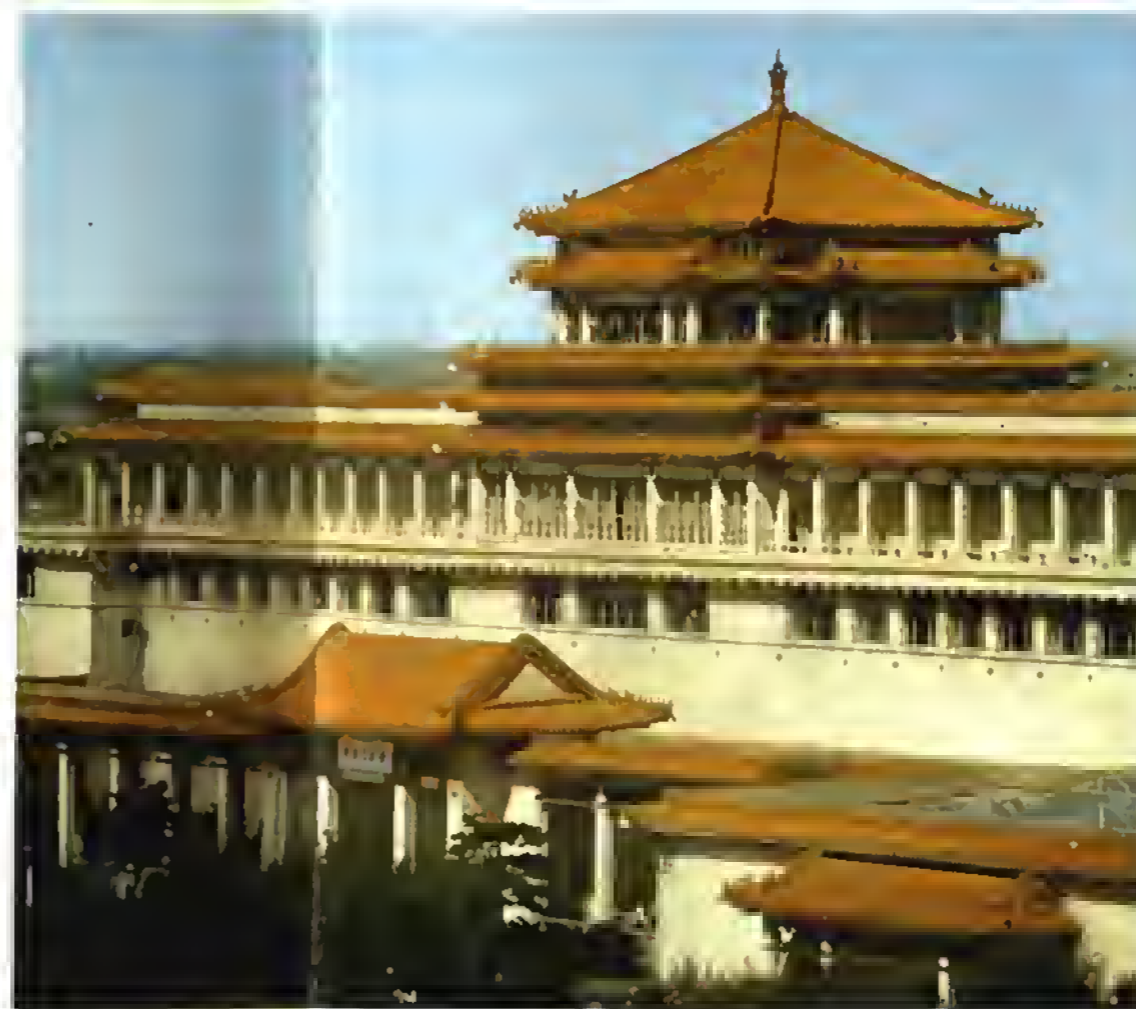
Chu Ching



Colour and Architecture Blend in Splendour



Green glazed tiles and ornaments add beauty to the Cultural Palace of Nationalities, built in 1959.



Glittering golden-tiled roofs adorn the Museum of Chinese Art, built in 1963.



Glazed decorative patterns on the pillars at the main entrance to the Museum of Chinese Art.



Roof and pillars covered with decorative tiles and bricks at the Museum of Chinese Art.

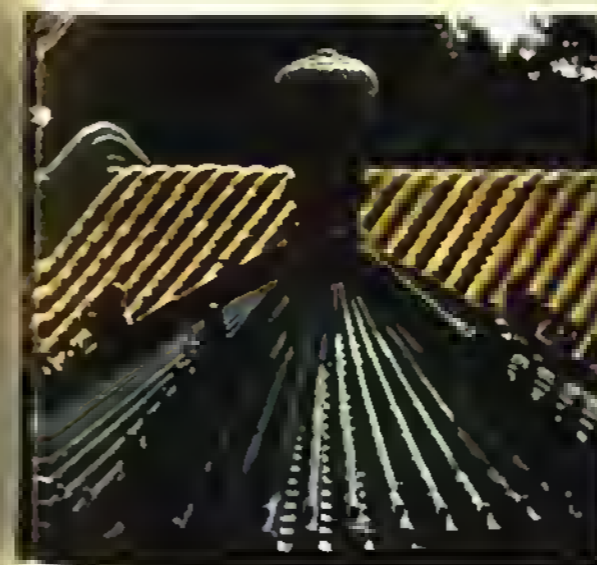
Photos by Chang Shui-cheng



A magnificent example of glazed dragons and other mythical figures on a building erected during the Ching dynasty, 18th century.



"Clouds and cranes" relief decoration on a wall by a garden gate at the Imperial Palace. Ming dynasty, 16th century.



Beam design on the apex of a pavilion roof in the Imperial Palace. It was built in the 18th century.

A glazed-tile-faced entrance space at the Imperial Palace.



Animated Cartoon Films Teach the Young

DURING the past two years film-makers, artists and writers for children have been engaging in a conscious effort to produce animated films showing the everyday life of the children of today which both delight their young audiences and educate them in communist moral qualities. The enthusiastic applause and hearty laughter accorded the films show that they have found favour with the children.

In the puppet film *By the Roadside*, chubby Hsiao Liang, a boy wearing the red scarf of a Young Pioneer, picks up a package containing 25 yuan near a bus stop where he is cutting grass. Hoping to find the owner, he catches up with the bus. On it is an old peasant passenger who has lost the same amount but says that this package is not his. Who is the real owner of the package, and who has picked up the peasant's lost money? The plot unravels as Hsiao Liang searches for the rightful owner. The audience finally learns that the package belongs to a worker. Searching for his lost package, he had found the peasant's money. From a note attached to it he learned that the peasant was on his way to the supply and marketing cooperative to buy urgently-needed insecticide, so he put aside the search for his own lost money in order to buy the insecticide and deliver it to the peasant's production team.

Such readiness to help others and concern for collective interests is also shown in *Hsiao Lin's Diary*, a papercut film in colour in which a boy goes out in a heavy down-pour to take rain-hats to members of his commune who are at work in the field. Similarly, in *Two Little Brothers*, a puppet film in colour, two little football fans give

up a Sunday at their favourite game in order to repair broken chairs for their class.

Love for labour is another important theme found in the new films. The cartoon *We Love the Countryside* encourages this by acting out the themes of five popular children's songs which are sung in the background. They are: "We Love the Countryside", "Little Wheelbarrow-Pushers", "It's Good to Farm Half a Day and Study Half a Day", "The Commune Is Good" and "We Want to be Farmers When We Grow Up".

Unforgettable characters from literature or history brought to life on the screen also help the children to understand the past through a working-class viewpoint. They become so indignant at the wicked pre-liberation landlord in *The Cock Crows at Midnight*, who crows like a cock to make his hired hands get up and work before dawn, that they too feel like giving him a good beating. (This film was featured on the Children's Page of the September 1965 issue of *China Reconstructs*.) The papercut film *Red Army Bridge*, based on the revolutionary struggle of the Red Army and local peasants against the landlords and reactionary troops in Hunan province in 1930, kindles in the children a real love for the heroic and resourceful Red Army soldiers and peasants and a deep hatred toward the treacherous Kuomintang troops and ruthless landlords.

Some of the films help the children to understand the nature of U.S. imperialism. The cartoon *A Dream of Gold*, for instance, is a satirical fairy-tale on the rapacious hunger of the rulers of the "Dollar Empire", who swallow up gold and diamonds, drink the blood of mil-

lions of human beings, and finally even want to devour the moon and stars. Films in cartoon style also show the Chinese people's support for the people of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic in their struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression.

THE animated films are usually from ten to twenty minutes in length. They may be in the form of cartoons or puppet plays, or done through papercuts, folded paper or brush-and-ink paintings. Full use is made of the characteristics of this type of film with comical plots, imaginatively-designed backgrounds and artistic exaggeration to bring out the character of the heroes and villains. The music is light and spirited and the whole presentation generally suited to the psychology of children.

All the films show a strong Chinese quality, particularly those using the papercut and brush-and-ink techniques, which have been creatively adapted to animated cartoons by Chinese film-makers. The papercut films continue the skilful cutting and decorativeness of their tradition, while the figures are designed and performed in the style of shadow-puppet plays. The films made with the brush-and-ink painting technique are especially suited for presenting the beauties of the mountain-and-river scenery of our country. This is used effectively in the film *The Cowherd*, in which the watery effect achieved with free-flowing ink is used for the background of southern China's rivers-and-lakes landscape to intensify the audience's consciousness of the cowherd's deep love for his commune and the buffaloes which he tends.



1. Hsiao Lin brings rain-hats to the commune members. (*Hsiao Lin's Diary*)
2. Hsiao Liang looks for the owner of the package he has found. (*By the Roadside*)
3. Peasants set off firecrackers to celebrate the completion of the bridge. (*Red Army Bridge*)
4. A ruler of the "Dollar Empire". (*A Dream of Gold*)
5. Buffalo and cowherd. (*The Cowherd*)

Man with Fortitude

KAO HSIANG-CHEN

ONE of the papers most favourably received at the Peking Science Symposium held in August 1964 was one read by a young man who was once a child labourer in the days before the liberation. Scientists from Asia, Africa, Latin America and Oceania considered the paper highly valuable and applauded the work of Ni Chih-fu, today an engineer in a Peking machine-tool plant. He outlined the theoretical basis of improvements he had made which greatly increased the efficiency, durability and versatility of the standard twist drill, one of the most widely used tools in the world.

It took Ni Chih-fu twelve years to evolve the basic new shape of the point with 17 variations. The Ni Chih-fu drill—so named by the Chinese government—is now being used throughout the country. It can drill exceedingly hard steels, cast iron, brass, aluminium, organic glass, plastics, phenolics; it can drill deep holes or holes in thin metal; and it maintains high precision in cutting. Drill sizes range from 3 to 80 mm. Its efficiency is two to five times greater.

Ni Chih-fu was born 33 years ago in a village on the outskirts of Shanghai. His father died before he was a year old. By the time he was 11, it was necessary for him to go to work as a child

labourer in one of Shanghai's factories. To get him a job, his family had to invite the boss and foreman to dinner and give them presents in the hope of getting them to teach the boy a trade. In spite of this none were willing, and in this factory and three others he remained a mere drudge. If he was caught watching a skilled worker at his machine, the foreman or the boss would beat him, sometimes with their fists, sometimes with an iron rod. When the Japanese invaders took over, they too severely beat him. Hunger and cold stalked him.

After Shanghai's liberation in 1949 he got a steady job and in 1952 the trade union in the plant sent him to a technical school run by the Shanghai Bureau of Labour. After eight months of study he went to work in the Peking No. 1 Machine-tool Plant. Here, brand new radial drill presses seemed to stretch out their arms to greet him, master workmen guided him in learning his machine, and there was even a team helping to develop and spread advanced techniques. It was the beginning of a real worker's life for him. Proud of being one of those who were masters in their own house, Ni Chih-fu poured all his energy and enthusiasm into the work.

The Birth of the New Drill

In the autumn of 1953 his shop was given the task of drilling spe-

cial steel plates needed by the Chinese volunteers who were aiding the Korean people in their resistance against United States aggression. The plates were extraordinarily hard. The standard twist drills turned—and broke—but would not cut. Three days went by. The plates to be processed piled up while the drills wore out, burned and broken. Workers from the next shop, waiting for the finished plates, came to urge speed.

Ni Chih-fu had worn out twelve drills in those three days. Then, over-anxious and pushing his press too hard, he broke three in succession. That night the group leader came to ask about the finished plates and Ni felt bad. He walked home from the shift with heavy steps.

Suddenly he stopped and turned back. It was one o'clock in the morning and the shop was dark and silent. Calmly he began to examine his worn-out drills, turning them over in his hands, squinting at the points against the light. What made this angle wear out? Why did this cutting edge burn quicker than the others? He sharpened another drill and went to work on the steel plates. When one was worn out, he ground another. Although he finished three plates that night, he couldn't calm himself. When the day shift came on, he stayed.

That morning an advanced team came to the plant to introduce new



Ni Chih-fu reads his paper at the 1964 Peking Science Symposium.

Chang Mei

techniques—among them a veteran worker who demonstrated a new type of foreign drill. This might solve our problem, Ni thought, and went to look for the worker. Together they studied the foreign drill. As soon as Ni entered the shop the next day, he carefully ground a drill in the new shape. Certainly this would cut the hard plate better. But this one wore out too.

That afternoon the shop Party secretary came to talk with him. A veteran worker and communist who had been through many battles, he did not talk about Ni's anxiety or the problem of the drill. Hoping to encourage his determination to conquer the problem, the secretary talked about some of the revolutionary martyrs who had given their lives to conquer obstacles and bring about socialism. Then he quietly turned the conversation to the drill problem.

"Nothing is easy sailing," he said. "Even on a smooth road, you can trip over a stone. The problem seems impossible to solve. But since there are such steel plates, we must have drills to bite through them. Can we invent one? Special steel needs a special drill. And to invent a special drill takes a special fortitude—the fortitude of a revolutionary! What do you say, comrade—will this special steel beat us, or will we beat the steel?"

Ni went back to work.

Another trial. He failed again. He continued to study every used drill minutely, the burned ones, the dull ones, the broken ones, the foreign model, always searching for the cause. Suddenly he wondered: "Why is it that every one of these drills, whether burned, worn out or broken, shows damaged points and cutting edges?" A clue. "If I grind off all the parts which get damaged, maybe that would help." He took the standard drill which has one point and three cutting edges and ground it so that he obtained three points and seven edges. He put his drill in the drill press and carefully wiped it clean.

With his big hands on the feed wheel, he held his breath, switched on his drill press and began the cut. His keen worker's feeling for his machine told him at once that the feed wheel turned faster and smoother than usual. He drilled a dozen holes in succession, worrying that his new bit would wear out again. But when he stopped and examined it, the three points were as shiny and sound as ever.

His co-workers helped him improve the tool. Yu Shu-shen, a skilled machinist, helped him analyse why the old-style drills wore out. Master workmen Mao and

Liu helped him improve the techniques of grinding his drill. His comrades in the shop used the drill in their presses and made many suggestions. At last the drill with the new shape was put into use in the entire shop.

Both Teaching and Learning

In 1956 Ni was asked to take part in a group demonstrating advanced techniques in Peking. Arriving one day to demonstrate his drill at a radio parts factory there, he found that he was to work with brass instead of steel. Was his drill suited to soft brass? The question so worried him that he nearly asked to be excused. But he remembered his Party secretary's comment that a demonstration was not only for teaching but for learning. "Why should I be afraid of failure?" he thought. "Why don't I think of learning from others?" He was a little ashamed of himself.

During the noon hour he watched the work of a veteran machinist who had had long experience with brass. He noted the speed and pressure he used, and carefully examined the drill. Comparing his own with the machinist's, he noticed the similarity of the angles



Ni Chih-fu (left) studies his drill with other workers.

Miao Ming

and the differences. He showered the machinist with questions. The machinist joked with him, "Did you come here to demonstrate or to be my apprentice?" Ni smiled.

The two compared their drills, and with the machinist's help, Ni sharpened a new variation of his drill to suit the brass he was going to work with. That afternoon his demonstration was successful.

Just before a demonstration in a Shanghai factory, a young worker came up to him with a drill in his hand and challenged, "Shall we have a competition?"

Though Ni won, he carefully examined the other's drill and studied an unusual chip-breaking groove which produced straight narrow chips. He knew this feature would improve his own drill and later incorporated it.

In 1958 it was decided that the Ni Chih-fu drill should be popularized throughout the country. The government sent Ni to many industrial cities in China to teach his new techniques. And he not only taught but continued to learn how to improve his drill from others. In one factory he learned the problems peculiar to drilling cast iron; in another he found a way to increase the cutting feed; in still another he discovered how to increase the cutting pressure by grinding off the rake angle of the point. By now the basic shape of the drill had been established as well as a number of variations to meet the conditions of drilling

different materials, from hard alloy steels to soft materials such as brass and cast iron.

From Practice to Theory

Ni began to receive letters from machinists all over the country, praising his demonstrations. But some wrote of the difficulty of mastering the technique of grinding the new shape. Others raised theoretical problems—why do angles of this kind cut better?—why should the drill have three points and seven edges?—why were the rake angles made this way, the clearance angles that?—what difference would this or that change make in his drill?

The questions were difficult, for with only three years of schooling Ni lacked real theoretical knowledge. To answer adequately he needed theoretical mechanics, higher mathematics and the principles of metal-cutting. By this time Ni had been promoted to the level of engineer because of his practical knowledge and had joined the Party. He determined to work hard to make up what he lacked in theory.

He began to study in a night school, listening attentively and doing his homework conscientiously. Never late or absent, he finished elementary courses in only two months. The subjects became harder and study began to conflict with his many other responsibilities. Besides being a deputy to the Peking Municipal People's

Congress and a member of the board of the China Society of Mechanical Engineering, he was active in a movement for scientific cooperation organized by the Peking workers. More and more, he had to do his homework far into the night, shading his light from his sleeping companions. He took his books with him to meetings, worked out problems while riding on buses or walking in the streets, and then wrote them down in his notebook between meetings and during breaks.

Worried that doing both lessons and his job would affect his health, the plant management decided to put him on half-time work and half-time study. A technician was assigned to aid him with his courses. All this concern couldn't help but remind Ni of his childhood days when he had had to quit school because he could not pay his tuition. He studied all the harder and with more determination than ever.

Two years brought his education to the university level. In early 1963, with the advice of experts and technicians, he began work on the paper he was eventually to present before the Peking Science Symposium. His paper helped workers not only to use his drill but to find inspiration themselves for experimenting and inventing. Today, the improved Ni Chih-fu drill is widely used by workers in China and also by some plants abroad.

Children's Page



THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gaowah is delighted when she hears that a projection team man is coming to the grasslands to show a motion picture. She runs to find out exactly what time he will arrive. As she enters the headquarters *yurt*,* she hears the team leader and the bookkeeper discussing who to send with a horse cart to fetch the man.

It is spring, the time for shearing the sheep in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region. All the members of this herdsman's production team are too busy to go. Who should be sent? The two men consider everyone, but no one can be spared. When she hears this, Gaowah breaks in, "Team leader, let me go!"

Right. Little Gaowah can not only drive a horse cart but she is a fine rider too. Her family's big chestnut horse is the fastest and most fiery of all the team's horses. Nobody but Gaowah and her grandfather can ride him.

As Gaowah drives the cart along, singing happily, she suddenly sees a cart standing in the road ahead. It is loaded with milk cans to be taken to the commune's powdered milk plant, but the cart has broken down.

"Where are you going, little sister?" asks the old driver.

"To Ulanboleng (Red Valley) to bring the film projection man."

"How about taking our milk to the plant for me? Of course, it's a bit out of your way."

Gaowah hesitates. She knows that going several kilometres out

*This is the Mongolian word for a large sturdy tent which the herdsman use.

of her way may make her late with the film man. But she takes another look at the big cans of milk and decides that she must take them. By the time she gallops her cart into Ulanboleng, the sun has already set.

The projection team member is there waiting impatiently for the cart. But when he hears Gaowah's reason for being late, he praises her for thinking first of the team's milk.

IT IS DARK when they get back home on the grasslands. The commune members have already got everything ready for the show.

The projector lamp lights up, the man threads the first reel into the machine, the picture is ready to begin. Then suddenly he says in surprise, "Oh! How terrible! The last reel is missing! I'm sure we didn't drop it on the way. I must have left it in Ulanboleng. We were in too much of a hurry and so many people were helping us to load that I forgot to check to make sure that all the reels were there."

"*Aiya!*" exclaim all the people. What a disappointment to see a motion picture without an ending!

Gaowah stands at one side, blinking her black eyes and knocking her fists together trying to think what to do. Finally she says, "Yes, I'll go and fetch it on our horse. He's fast and I can be back in a little over an hour, just in time."

"But then you won't be able to see the film, Gaowah," someone calls to her. "And you're such a motion picture fan too!"

The Last Reel of Film

To tell the truth, Gaowah wants to see the film very badly. But she remembers that her family's horse is the fastest and nobody but she and her grandfather can ride it. Besides, everyone wants to see the film. If she doesn't go, someone else will have to miss it.

GAOWAH jumps on the big horse and gallops off in the night across the grassland. She cracks her whip and her horse seems to fly under the twinkling stars in the black sky.

By the time she gets back, the next to the last reel of film is just coming to an end.

Gaowah only sees one reel of the film. But she feels happy.



Drawings by Miao Ti

Chinese Cookery

Pan-fried Fish

1 lb. fish (mandarin fish, yellow croaker, flounder or other mealy fish with few bones)

1½ tablespoons rice wine (or sherry)
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
8 tablespoons flour
1 cup peanut oil
3 tablespoons lard
1½ tablespoons soya sauce
2 teaspoons sugar
1 cup stock (or warm water)

Clean fish and split lengthwise. Bone and skin and cut into 5-cm. lengths. Make parallel vertical and horizontal slashes on the pieces. Rub with ½ tablespoon wine and 1 teaspoon salt and let stand for about an hour.

Beat eggs, add enough flour to make a thick batter and dip fish in it. Heat oil in pan until just before it smokes. Fry fish pieces until light brown. Remove to a platter and pour off oil for future use.

Heat lard, add 1 tablespoon wine, soya sauce, sugar and stock. Add fish and simmer over low fire until only a little liquid remains. Serves two.

Deep-fried Fish Strips

6 oz. fish meat (as above)
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons rice wine (or sherry)
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate (optional)
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons cornflour (cornstarch)
1 cup peanut oil
4 tablespoons peppered soya sauce or other spiced sauce

Cut fish into strips 5 cm. x 2 cm. Add to mixture of salt, wine and monosodium glutamate and stir well. Beat egg whites until foamy, add cornflour, mix to a smooth batter and dip fish in it. Heat oil in pan until it smokes. Fry fish golden brown. Dip each piece in sauce as eaten. Serves two.

AT the little town of Anjen in western Szechuan province stands a great walled compound of many buildings and courtyards, the former manor house of one of the worst despots in the province, a landlord named Liu Wen-tsai. Today it has become a museum where exhibits of Liu's blood crimes against the peasants serve as an unforgettable lesson in class struggle. One of the exhibits most stunning in its impact is a series of 114 boldly-executed life-size figures in clay* through which a group of young sculptors have made live again the brutality and exploitation of the landlord class, the misery and humiliation of the peasants and their rising spirit of revolt.

Put on permanent display last autumn, the figures stand along the four sides of the landlord's "Rent Collecting Court", 24 groups telling the step-by-step story of how the peasants were exploited and oppressed.

THE FIRST GROUP are peasants carrying their grain into the courtyard. If the year had not been normal, the rent payment was often more than they had harvested. An old woman, her face etched with the benumbing misery of decades, walks with a cane, bringing along her only hen in the vain hope of appeasing the insatiable landlord. A little boy, his wasted body bent nearly to the ground, a rope cutting his thin shoulders, helps his sweating father pull a heavy load of grain. A well-fed landlord's bully watches the procession, arrogantly smoking and fingering his fan, a gun in his belt.

Farther along, under the pretence of "checking the quality", the landlord's thugs put the grain into a winnowing machine where much of it is blown away by a powerful fan. When the peasants arrive before the steward to pay, their grain is poured into what is supposed to be a peck measure but which is made extraordinarily large to cheat the tenants. Both rage and pain mark every muscle of the peasant figures. This con-

* See following pages.



A Revolution in Sculpture

lict of emotions continues to grow until it reaches a new height when their accounts are settled on the spot with brute force. His grain payment held to be insufficient, a blind old man can do nothing but sell his only granddaughter, a little girl, as a servant-slave to the landlord. A young man, his small son clinging desperately to his leg, is being pressganged into the army, his wife kicked to the ground. A mother angrily crouches in the landlord's private prison while her two children weep outside the bars.

In the last group of figures, the rage and pain have grown into determined revolt — the eyes flash hatred, the peasants' strong fists are clenched, muscles of face and body stand out with the ready tension of wrath and fury. This group of angry men who have decided to join the guerrilla forces led by the Chinese Communist Party in the mountains are a sharp contrast to the resigned old woman of the first group of figures.

All the figures have the common characteristics and dress of the laboring people of western Szechuan, yet a wealth of detail in facial expressions and gestures gives each a distinct individuality. One is torn by the brutal injustices done to them by the landlord, but the overwhelming feeling is of the potential power and strength of the peasants. On the other hand one feels that their oppressors, in spite of their apparent

ferocity, are spiritually empty and morally feeble in this ocean of wrath and hatred.

The Szechuan statues were created by 18 professional and amateur sculptors, 13 of them from the Szechuan Institute of Fine Arts. The artists have borrowed from traditions long established in the making of the clay Buddhist figures seen everywhere in Chinese temples and, at the same time, have made effective use of the technique of modern sculpture. From a co-worker — a local folk artist — they have assimilated the method of constructing the temple statues. The figure is supported by a wood frame over which the clay mixed with straw is added, the outer coat being a combination of clay, sand and cotton. The use of black glass for eyes and the treatment of drapery also come from this tradition. But it is modern carving techniques that give these figures a much greater realism than the ancient religious images.

For long centuries in China clay sculpture was done only on feudal and superstitious themes. With the new socialist society, themes from contemporary life began to appear, chiefly in smaller figurines. But to use traditional sculptural art to reflect such a sharp conflict in the class struggle, to express such depth of feeling of the working people, and on such a large scale as shown by the "Rent Collecting Court" statues is unprecedented in Chinese history.

The sculptors set an example of how to use and develop tradition, casting away its old feudal and superstitious elements and creatively combining its best features with newer techniques to meet the demands of today's socialist life.

THE experience gained in making the "Rent Collecting Court" has paved a way for other sculptors to put their art directly in the service of the rural people. While sculptors in general have created fine images of workers, peasants and soldiers, heroes and martyrs of the revolution, and often taken the struggle of the world's peoples against imperialism as their theme, most of their works have been done in plaster, marble, granite or bronze. These grace public buildings, museums and exhibitions in the cities, but are too expensive and heavy to transport about the vast countryside. The deep, nationwide cultural revolution has made artists realize that it is not enough merely to reflect the life and struggles of the working people. Art must be brought to their doorstep and through its impact urge them forward. But how can they serve the people if their works are scarcely ever seen by the peasants in the countryside, who make up 80 per cent of the population?

The "Rent Collecting Court" statues came into being because the sculptors wanted to answer that question. Made right in the countryside, the figures not only

met the aesthetic demands of the peasants but were inexpensive and quick to do. Only four and a half months were needed to complete the entire set of 114 life-size figures, about one figure a day. Each cost less than four yuan and the materials used are found almost everywhere. Such a method allows sculptors to create and exhibit their works on the spot, whether they try to depict the history of the peasants' struggle or the new people and events of the socialist countryside.

The group of sculptors did their work in the "Rent Collecting Court" itself. Their neighbours, now commune members, were the very tenants whom Liu Wen-tsai used to exploit. Not only were the peasants consulted before the work, but the gates of the court were kept open to everyone during the sculpturing and over a thousand peasants thus served as advisors and models. Their stories were the basis for the theme of the figures and it was a moving experience for them to see their own past come to life again. Indeed, it is this integration in feeling and thought with the peasants that has made the sculptures highly successful.

A thorough study of Chairman Mao's writings on the problems of Chinese peasants and long discussions with local and provincial Party leaders helped the artists to have a more encompassing view of their work: that their statues not only have to bring out the bru-

ality of a particular landlord but, more important, the exploiting nature of his class; not only the misery of the pre-liberation peasants but their spirit of revolt as well. As a result of this clear purpose their work has become a powerful reflection of the bitter class struggle of those days.

THE "Rent Collecting Court" exhibit was opened to the public on National Day, October 1, last year. Over 20,000 people came to see it in the first three days, among them six old grandmothers who had walked 40 kilometres with their canes to attend. Four of these were former tenants of Liu Wen-tsai, and they excitedly explained to visitors how they had suffered under him, their eyes now with tears and again with flashing anger. Thousands continued to visit the exhibition every day. A peasant from a remote hill area told the sculptors, "Sixteen years have slipped by since our liberation, and some of us have forgotten the past. Your statues have reminded us of that old bitterness and made us appreciate the sweetness of today's life more."

Peasants from other counties asked that figures be made in their places. Old workers who visited the exhibition told the artists that they should depict the history of their factories, "so that the young people can see how much blood and sweat it took to win our liberation". Youngsters were so impressed that they promised to fight against exploitation so long as it continues to exist in the world, and many pledged to "go into higher gear" in building socialism.

Seldom, if ever, has a work of sculpture in China had such an impact on the working people. It has stimulated and encouraged sculptors throughout the country and helped them to have a deeper insight into what Chairman Mao pointed out long ago: that only when art is created among the workers, peasants and soldiers, and serves them well, can it have a bright future.





That intolerable moment waiting for their accounts to be settled.



We can't live like this—we must fight!



Last look at his grain before it goes to the landlord.



Carrying their grain into the court.



A young mother is dragged away from her baby because she could not pay all her rent.

The Liberation Army Crosses the Yangtze

HUANG HUO-HSING

BY THE SPRING of 1949 the Chinese People's Liberation Army, led by the Communist Party, had liberated all of China's northeast, most of the north, and the areas north of the lower Yangtze River. Our army's next task was to carry forward the victory and smash the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang.

As soon as the Huai-Hai campaign in north Kiangsu and Shantung provinces was won, our powerful Second and Third Field Armies swept south in full force to begin another great strategic action — the crossing of the Yangtze to liberate the country south of the river.

Our column was to be the first echelon of the forces crossing by the central route. In March we reached the Lake Chaohu-Wuwei district in Anhwei province on the north bank of the Yangtze. During the resistance war against Japan this area had been the heart of the Central Anhwei Revolutionary Base. The Communist

Party had created this base in the face of attacks by the Japanese and Kuomintang forces, and here a part of our present column had been organized and had matured in battle. Everywhere in this region — on every hill and dyke, along every stream and in every village — we had left our footprints. Here were people who had shared hardships and braved death with us. Now, whenever our troops arrived at a place, the word quickly spread, "The old 7th division is here." When they heard that we were going to cross the river, from all sides came the offer: "If you need men, we're ready with men. If you need boats, we're ready with boats." They brought out the fishing boats which they had hidden away up rivers and streams in a thousand and one ways. Fathers with their sons, elder brothers bringing along younger ones, and even whole families volunteered as boatmen and joined us in preparing for the crossing.

It was an arduous task. We had to know the rise and fall of the

Yangtze's tides and to learn to handle boats, fight on water and make landings. During April our troops on the Yangtze front completed all preparations for forcing the river. Close watch was kept on enemy activity on the opposite bank and combat plans were revised time and again to fit the situation.

I WAS STATIONED at Tataokou, exactly where we of the New Fourth Army had crossed from the south eight years before after breaking through the Kuomintang's encirclement in southern Anhwei. This was in January 1941. Chiang Kai-shek had all along been passive in resisting the Japanese but very active in attacking the Communist forces. Now he had launched his second large-scale campaign against us and was engineering what later became known as the Southern Anhwei Incident which shocked the nation and the world. While the 9,000 men of our New Fourth Army's southern Anhwei contingents were withdrawing to the north in compliance with orders, he sent 80,000 troops to encircle and destroy them.

I was then attached to the headquarters of the New Fourth Army. We fought a bloody battle for seven days and nights in a valley enclosed by hills. We held out until our ammunition and food were gone and then split up to try to break through. In a hail of enemy bullets, the platoon of guards that I was with fought its way out and finally, after cross-

HUANG HUO-HSING, vice-procurator of the Supreme People's Procuratorate, was political commissar for a column of the Third Field Army of the Chinese People's Liberation Army in the campaign to cross the Yangtze during the War of Liberation.



An assault team goes ashore.

ing many blockade lines, got to the south bank of the Yangtze. We numbered only some 70 men.

Chiang had purposely broadcast the New Fourth Army's route of withdrawal, hoping to incite the Japanese to action against us and wipe out the Communist Party's forces south of the Yangtze. By the time we reached the river bank, the Japanese had already imposed a tight blockade. They had seized all the ferry boats. Their reconnaissance planes flew over the river from morning to night, their boats patrolled the water and their troops the banks. Fortunately we were able to reach one of our Party's liaison stations in Hundred Paces Village. A comrade from the local Communist Party branch rowed across the river at night in a wooden tub and got in touch with our guerrillas on the north bank. They sent a boat and helped ferry us across. Our small force, along with this guerrilla unit and some other men who had broken through the encirclement, later became the core of the 7th division of the New Fourth Army. "We will be waiting for you to fight your way back!" the comrades on the south bank had said to us as we climbed into the boat that memorable night.

"We'll be back!" we replied.

NOW we were back, fighting our way south along the same route which we had followed to the north. In front of us, as be-

fore, the waters of the Yangtze rushed ceaselessly eastward. But on both sides of the river earthshaking changes had taken place. Eight years earlier, as we, some 70 men with a single boat, slipped across the river through a crack in the enemy's blockade, the Chinese nation had been fighting for its very survival. Now our army was returning one million strong, with hundreds of boats and artillery pieces. The moment the order came from Chairman Mao, the iron fist of the People's Liberation Army was ready to strike at the centre of the Kuomintang's power and finish off Chiang Kai-shek's dictatorship once and for all.

As I recalled the past and looked forward to the future, many things crowded into my mind. Over the radio came a Hsinhua News Agency commentary: "Whither the Nanking Government?" The enemy did not have much time left to answer that question. But everything indicated that he would not willingly accept his overthrow and, in desperation, was engaging in two-faced counter-revolutionary trickery. On the one hand, Chiang Kai-shek was rounding up his defeated troops and trying frantically to set up a three-dimensional land, water and air defence along the Yangtze. On the other hand, launching a "peace offensive", he had sent a delegation to negotiate with our Party for peace. Both steps had the same aim: to stop the People's Liberation Army

on its victorious march and to preserve his counter-revolutionary forces for a comeback.

Guided by Chairman Mao's brilliant concept of "carrying the revolution through to the end", every officer and soldier in our army clearly understood this truth: that the reactionaries would never bow out of history of their own accord. That genuine peace could be won only by completely wiping out the reactionaries through tit-for-tat struggle. We had to meet the enemy's two-sided counter-revolutionary policy with a two-sided revolutionary policy. Whether there were talks or fighting, we would cross the Yangtze, liberate the whole country and carry the revolution through to the end. We should not have illusions of peace; these could only lower our vigilance and undermine the people's revolutionary will.

Events turned out just as Chairman Mao had foreseen. The Kuomintang reactionaries were not sincere about the peace talks but were only using them as a smoke-screen. Over the negotiating table they changed their tack a hundred times and dragged the talks on for many days, only to finally tear off their "peace" mask by refusing to sign the agreement on internal peace which had been discussed. Chiang Kai-shek, who had "retired" to his home town of Fenghua in Chekiang province to pull strings behind the scenes, now raised his counter-revolutionary cry: "No matter what the cost, I'll fight the Communists to the bitter end!"

ON THE AFTERNOON of April 20 we heard that the Kuomintang government had refused to sign the peace agreement. Soon afterwards, the order to advance came from Chairman Mao and Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh. The word was passed on from general headquarters to divisional headquarters, to regiments, battalions, companies and to the troops. It was greeted with thunderous cheers. "Cross the Yangtze! Liberate All China!"

In response to a telephone summons Commander Cheng Chun and I went to front-line headquarters. When all the commanders had ar-

Crossing the river under cover of shore batteries.



rived, we were told: "Everything is ready. All we were waiting for was an east wind, and now we have it. According to our reconnaissance reports, the Kuomintang is moving its best defence troops, the 20th army, westward to replace the 88th army and strengthen a weak link in the Fanchang-Tungling line. The two armies are now in the course of exchanging positions. Chairman Mao has ordered us to seize this opportunity and force the river!"

As always, Chairman Mao had been expert in discovering the enemy's vulnerable spot in order to make use of it and deal him a fatal blow. We were very excited at this decision.

According to the plan we would cross the river, occupy the high ground and then expand our positions. Time ticked away, every second bringing the historic moment closer. The setting sun was enveloped in a faint aura of gold. Several comrades skipped supper and made a last check along the trenches behind the dyke. Artillery pieces stood poised on the bank, their muzzles pointing south-

ward. The assault teams and boatmen were assembling. On the white towels which hung from the knapsack of every soldier were the seven big red characters reading: "Carry the Revolution Through to the End!" Many of the new soldiers had put on the cloth shoes they had brought from home and saved for the occasion. Some of these bore the characters "Cross the Yangtze! Liberate All China!" embroidered by mothers or wives. Behind the big dyke the boats for the battle lay camouflaged with branches.

Toward dusk, just after I returned to my own headquarters, the telephone rang. The voice of the army commander came over the line. "How are things going?"

"Everything's ready. We're waiting for the launching order."

The commander raised his voice. "Tell the comrades that Chairman Mao is staying up tonight. He's waiting at the headquarters of the supreme command for our report of victory."

The news soon spread through the whole army. Like an invisible

red thread, it drew Peiping* in the far north closer to the Yangtze, drew the hearts of the soldiers more closely to Chairman Mao. We were kept busy on the telephone. Through it came one answer after another from the assault units: "Tell Chairman Mao we'll force the Yangtze without fail." "We'll get over quickly so that Chairman Mao can go to bed early."

AT TEN O'CLOCK that night, at the order to set out, the boats moved out of the bays and creeks in a great stream. The crossing had begun. Soon the enemy discovered our movement and began firing at us. We replied with a thundering artillery barrage. Suddenly, to the right of our fleet a black shape bore down on us. "Warship!" our commander shouted. "Move alongside and blow it up!" Two of our wooden boats laden with explosives sped toward the steel-plated ship. The black shape fired briefly and fled to the east.

*The name for Peking at that time.

As the boats of the shock unit approached the south bank, the enemy shifted his gunfire toward our advance party. Some boats burst into flames, others capsized. The men thrown into the water began to swim. As machine gun bullets ripped through the hulls of the boats and water began to rush in, the soldiers blocked up the holes with their bodies. When the masts toppled under artillery fire, they grabbed the sculling oar and rowed on. If a man was hit, someone immediately took his place. On one boat, the men stood shoulder to shoulder in front of the boatman to shield him.

The boat carrying the army commanders was right behind the assault regiment. Standing beneath the sail I could see all around me the masts of our fleet like a moving forest on the water. Flares and tracer bullets cut brilliant slashes in the darkness. The leaping flames from the enemy positions on shore ruddied the sails of our boats, the water and the men's faces, and were reflected in the red flags fluttering in the wind.

When we had broken through the enemy encirclement eight years earlier, a leading comrade had said, "The flames of revolution cannot be extinguished. Even if the New Fourth Army contingents in southern Anhwei are destroyed, the revolution will not be defeated. As long as the spark remains, it will make a prairie fire!" Now his words had become a reality. The spark of the revolution had grown into a roaring fire, extending from the north bank of the Yangtze southward over all China.

THE KUOMINTANG harboured the illusion that the natural barrier of the Yangtze, the support of the U.S. masters and their own three-dimensional defence could stop the advance of the People's Liberation Army. "Unless they can run on water, the Communists had better give up their dream of crossing the Yangtze" was their boast. Now their illusions were bursting like a bubble. Neither the broad Yangtze nor the paper tiger U.S. imperialism could save



Liberation Army soldiers occupy Chiang Kai-shek's presidential mansion in Nanking.

them from defeat. In 30 minutes the People's Liberation Army had torn a gap 10 kilometres wide in their painstakingly-erected defences. Our advance units were already penetrating deep into enemy positions.

The commanders' boat landed not far from Hundred Paces Village. As I looked in that direction, my memories of eight years earlier returned. The figure of an old man rose in my mind. At daybreak, the 70 of us who had broken through the encirclement were hiding in an empty cesspool waiting for the guerrillas to ferry us over. A Japanese patrol came along and captured the old man who was standing watch. They beat him up severely, trying to make him tell where the New Fourth Army men were hiding. "I don't know" was the only reply. Then, to lead the Japanese away from our hiding place, he began to run in the opposite direction. We heard shots. We found him later lying in a pool of blood. He had not lived to share the joy of victory with us, but he would live forever in our hearts.

"The people are the real wall of bronze," Chairman Mao teaches us. We soldiers too had formed the same conviction through long years of struggle: The people are our support and the wellspring of our victory. In this campaign alone, 3,200,000 peasants, boatmen and militiamen saw action. In their

many dialects — Shantung, Hopei, Honan, Anhwei, Kiangsu — the slogan was the same: "Cross the Yangtze! Liberate All China!"

By daybreak of April 21, 1949, seven regiments had crossed the river and gained control of the high ground, the hills of Tungshan, Yuchshan and Yangshan. We were knocking at the gate of the enemy-held town of Fanchang. The swift movement and bold thrust of our troops had thrown the enemy into utter confusion. A detachment of our men charging forward in the dark came upon a Kuomintang officer who blustered at them, "What are you running away for? The Communists don't have wings. They aren't anywhere near here!"

"Even if you had wings, you couldn't run now!" said our troops, suppressing their laughter and taking him prisoner.

At dusk that day the PLA's Second and Third Field Armies launched the full-scale crossing all along the 500-km. line from Kiukiang in Kiangsi province in the west to Chiangyin in Kiangsu province in the east. The enemy's defence of the river collapsed completely. On April 23, news came that our troops on the eastern route had liberated Nanking, seat of the Kuomintang government, and proclaimed the downfall of the reactionary Kuomintang regime.

(Abridged translation)

Liberation Army men embarking for the forcing of the Yangtze.





SELECTED WORKS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

(English Edition)

Volumes I-IV

Volume I contains 17 of Comrade Mao Tse-tung's writings during the First Revolutionary Civil War Period (1924-1927) and the Second Revolutionary Civil War Period (1927-1937).

Volume II contains 40 of Comrade Mao Tse-tung's writings covering the period from the outbreak of the War of Resistance Against Japan in July 1937 to the repulse of Chiang Kai-shek's second anti-Communist onslaught in May 1941.

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An appendix contains Resolution on Certain Questions in the History of Our Party, adopted at the Enlarged Seventh Plenary Session of the Sixth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.

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西藏民间故事 Xizang Minjian Gushi A Tibetan Folk Tale

从前, 在 澜沧江 西 岸 住着 一个
Cóngqián, zài Lāncāngjiāng xī àn zhùzhe yíge
In the past, at Lantsang River western bank lived a

残酷的王爷。他吃的是 山珍海
cánbùde wángyē. Tā chī de shì shān zhēn hǎi
cruel prince. (What) he ate was mountain (and) sea

味, 穿的是 绣袍, 住
wèi, chuān de shì xiù páo, zhù
delicacies, (what he) wore was embroidered robes, (what he) lived

的是豪华的宫殿, 还有上 千人
de shì háohuáde gōngdiàn, hái yǒu shàng qiān rén
(in) was magnificent palace, (he) also had over a thousand people

伺候他。
cìhòu tā.
serving him.

王爷要 看日出的 美景, 但是
Wángyē yào kàn rìchū de měijǐng, dànshì
(The) prince wanted (to) see sunrise beautiful scene, but

被对岸一座山 挡住了。一天,
bèi duì àn yí zuò shān dǎngzhù le. Yí tiān,
(it was) by opposite shore a mountain blocked. One day,

他命令附近的老百姓在三天内把这座
tā mìnglìng fùjìn de lǎobǎixìng zài sān tiān nèi bǎ zhè zuò
he ordered nearby people in three days within this

山 挖掉, 要是挖不掉, 就要 杀头。
shān wādiào, yàoshi wābùdiào, jiù yào shātóu.
mountain dig away, if not dug away, (they) would be beheaded.

老百姓个个发愁。这样 高 的山,
Lǎobǎixìng gègè fāchóu. Zhèyàng gāode shān,
(The) people everyone worried. Such high mountain,

就是三年也 挖不掉 呀! 这时, 一位
jiùshì sān nián yě wābùdiào ya! Zhè shí, yí wèi
even (in) three years could not be dug away! (At) this time, an

老妈妈站起来 说, “只要 大家
lǎo māma zhàn qǐlái shuō, “zhǐyào dàjiā
old woman stood up (and) said, “If only all (of us) (are)

心齐, 就 有办法。大家 想想,
xīnqí, jiù yǒu bànfa. Dàjiā xiǎngxiǎng,
of one heart, (we) then (will) have a way. All (of you) think.

山头 人头, 哪一个 容易 挖?”
shāntóu réntóu, nǎ yíge róngyì wā?
(the) mountain (and) man's head, which one (is) easier (to) dig?”

众人 齐声 说: “人头 容易
Zhòngrén qíshēng shuō: “Réntóu róngyì
Everybody of one accord said: “Man's head (is) easier

挖!”
wā!
(to) dig!”

第二天, 老百姓 一齐 来到 王宫,
Dì'èr tiān, lǎobǎixìng yíqǐ lái dào wánggōng.
(The) next day, people together came to (the) palace,

把王爷的头 砍了下来。他们 打开了
bǎ wángyē de tóu kānle xiàlái. Tāmen dǎkāile
prince's head cut down. They opened

王宫里的仓库, 把粮食和金银财宝
wánggōng lǐ de cāngkù, bǎ liángshí hé jīn yín cáibǎo
palace storehouse, grain and gold, silver, treasures

全部分给了 穷人。
quánbù fēngěile qióng rén.
all distributed (to the) poor people.

Reworded Translation

Once upon a time, on the western bank of the Lantsang River lived a cruel prince. He ate all kinds of delicacies, wore embroidered robes and lived in a magnificent palace. He had over a thousand servants.

The prince wanted to see the beautiful sunrise, but it was blocked by a mountain on the opposite shore of the river. One day he ordered the people living nearby to remove it for him within three days. If they could not do this, they would be killed.

Everyone was worried. Such a high mountain could not be removed even in three years! Then an old woman rose and said, “If only we unite as one, we will have a way. Just think about it: which is easier to do away with, a mountain or a man's head?”

The people said with one accord, “A man's head!”

Next day, the people all came to the palace and cut off the prince's head. Then they opened the storehouse in the palace and distributed the grain and the gold, silver and other treasures among the poor people.

Explanatory Notes

1. Shān zhēn hǎi wèi 山珍海味. Shān and hǎi mean “mountain” and “sea” respectively. Zhēn means “treasures” and wèi “tastes” literally. One of the many four-character set phrases in the Chinese language, shān zhēn hǎi wèi means “all kinds of delicacies”.

2. Shā 杀 means “to kill” and tóu 头 “head”. Shātóu is a colloquial way of saying “kill”.

3. Diào 掉 means “to fall” literally. In wādiào 挖掉, it is a complement to wā 挖 (meaning “dig”). Wādiào means “to dig out”, “to do away with”. Wādiào 挖掉 generally cannot be used in connection with a man's head, but in the context of this lesson, it is used correctly.

4. Māma 妈妈 means “mama”, “mother” and lǎo 老 “old”. Lǎo māma is sometimes used as a colloquial expression for “old woman”.

5. “Mountain” is generally translated as shān 山. But shān is sometimes followed by tóu 头 (shāntóu 山头) when speaking colloquially.

A Simple Key to Pronunciation

Consonants: b, c (ts), d, f, g, h, j, k (as in kill), l, m, n, ng, p (as in peak), q (as in cheer), r (as in run), s, t, w, x (as in ship), y, z (dz), zh (as in rich), ch (as in chew), sh (as in shrub). The last three are pronounced with the tip of the tongue curved back.

Vowels: a (as in father), o (ò), e (ù), i (ì), u (ù), ü (as in German), after j, q and x, u pronounced as ü. The sounds of combination vowels such as ai and ao are as in English.

To save space, letters in which the sound is the same as, or similar to, that used in English are not further described.

A fuller key to pronunciation of the phonetic alphabet used in this column may be obtained on application to China Reconstructs.

On the Szechuan-Tibet Highway



The road over the Erlang Mountains.

Hsu Pi-hua

The Tahsing mutual-aid team in Pomi county sunning chingko barley.

Chang Kuan-jung



MY LAST SIGHT of Lhasa was of a city bathed in the morning glow. Our bus had already crossed the new bridge on its way eastwards along the 2,413-kilometre Szechuan-Tibet Highway. That first morning we rolled over the Lhasa plain where a heavy harvest was being gathered. By noon we had entered a valley, its slopes covered with grass, brightened by the vivid red and yellow leaves of occasional trees. Deep in the valley was the hostel. There we spent the night. Early next morning we were awakened by the sound of lorries loaded with fresh-cut logs heading westward. We were not far from the virgin forest.

Largest Lumber Centre

The highway gradually climbed as we drove along the Joda River. The number of tall timber trees increased. Before long we had entered the forest region with its serried rows of mountains, looking like an ocean of green waves. We spiralled up a steep mountainside. The branches of trees below us almost brushed our wheels, while the top of our bus barely missed huge exposed roots on the cliff above. Although the sun was shining, we only saw it in thin shafts of gold which penetrated the thick foliage. Light green creepers hung down like scarves, their colour contrasted against the deep green

CHEN JIH-NUNG is a staff reporter for China Reconstructs.

CHEN JIH-NUNG

of the trees, while squirrels sprang from branch to branch.

We passed under a wooden aqueduct which we later learned was carrying water from mountain streams to the Kengchang sawmill. We spent the night at Kengchang, which is the largest lumbering centre in Tibet. Felling had started there ten years earlier with 50 young workers, both Tibetans and Hans. Today there are 800. When we entered the mill sprays of sawdust were spurting from huge tree trunks being cut up by fast, screeching bandsaws. Chen Hua-chung, a former carpenter who headed the work, drew our attention to two gigantic water wheels nearby that had been locally made. Powered by water from the aqueduct, they both turned the saws and generated electricity for lighting. A second sawmill is soon to be opened to speed up the processing of the plentiful supply of spruce, fir, pine, oak, birch and cedar trees. There will also be several workshops making paper, matches and other products from the timber waste.

Fields and Grasslands

Dramo, our third stop, a new market town built after the highway was completed, is the seat of the Pomi county government. The area has a warm climate and plentiful rainfall, so crops grow luxuriantly. Dramo is surrounded by snow-capped mountains with dark green forests on their slopes and chingko barley fields along

the banks of the river below. I walked across the fields to a large threshing floor. Wooden frames were standing ten metres high on either side, strung with heavy ears of drying chingko and wheat. The liberated serfs and slaves here, as elsewhere in Tibet, had responded to the call of the People's Government and organized a mutual-aid team which was opening up wasteland for cultivation. Learning about more advanced agricultural techniques from county government workers, they had replaced their primitive wooden ploughs with iron ploughshares, and had done away with the age-old custom which forbade men to weed and women to plough. Output had increased. We found them threshing wheat of an improved strain which yielded twice as much grain as the chingko they formerly grew. They plan to sow a larger area with the improved seed in 1966.

East of Pomi is the Hengtuan mountain range. Here three great rivers rush southwards along parallel courses that cut through precipitous mountains. The highway winds its way up and down in seemingly endless U-turns. After we crossed the first great river, the Nu, timber trees became sparser but there were many pear

trees along the highway, their branches heavy with ripening fruit. As we went over more mountains the view broadened into grasslands spreading like a huge soft yellow carpet into the distance amid gently rolling hills. Here and there were the brown tents of Tibetan herdsmen, with black yaks and flocks of sheep grazing nearby. Already accustomed to motor traffic, the yaks, their tails raised high, raced beside us along the highway.

Changes in Chamdo

The town of Chamdo is the crossways of communication between Szechuan, Yunnan, Chinghai and Tibet. Because it is situated in the middle section of the Szechuan-Tibet Highway, it has become the centre for the collection and distribution of the livestock, farm and special local products of the area, as well as its abundant minerals.

Chamdo was liberated by the PLA in 1950. The former squalid streets are now clean and lined with new buildings two or three stories high. They include a bookshop, department store, bank and post office. The people we saw going in and out were mainly Tibetan peasants and herdsmen.

Liberated serfs and slaves buy at a mobile stall in the Chamdo area. Jen Yung-chao



The supply and marketing co-operative was especially busy the day we arrived, for the harvest season was just ending and trade was at its height.

I looked for the co-op manager but it was evening before he could find a minute to talk to me. "There is another big harvest this year," he said, "so trade is very brisk. Our turnover in 1964 amounted to over 700,000 yuan. But this sum was surpassed in the third quarter this year." I learned that tea, which is considered a necessity by Tibetans, was not only in ample supply but had come down in price from 1.29 yuan per jin a year ago to 0.91 yuan today. Goods made in Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking are sold in large quantity. They include red cotton cloth, rubber-soled canvas boots and aluminium cooking pots. No labouring Tibetan was able to afford these in the past. Important among the local products purchased by the co-op are herbs and substances for medicinal use.

The Highest Mountain of All

After winding our way up and down two more great mountains, we were able to see the Chinsha

(Golden Sand) River, which runs between the Tibet Autonomous Region and Szechuan province. Under the brilliant sunlight, the waters, heavy with yellow sand, looked like a swiftly moving golden dragon. Crossing is by a new steel bridge instead of by yak-hide coracles, which was the former method.

We were now in the Kantze Tibetan Autonomous Chou of Szechuan province. Passing through Dege county, known for its printing house for ancient Tibetan scriptures, we reached Tumulin at twilight. Our driver pointed to a silvery peak in the east, saying, "That is Chucherh Mountain, the highest of all we cross."

Snow covered the branches of a pine forest on the slope as we began to climb early the next morning. We stopped at a tomb ringed with trees halfway up the slope. It was a memorial to the martyr Chang Fu-lin, a People's Liberation Army squad leader who had lost his life while cutting the highway along the sheer granite mountainside.

Our bus wound its way slowly up the bare rocky slope. At the

pass, 4,889 metres above sea-level, we stopped for a short climb above the road, but breathing was difficult in the rarefied air. Through falling snowflakes and an icy wind, we looked at the distant silver peaks meandering endlessly along the skyline like a sea of crested waves rising to the sky. It was strange to be on this spot where no man ever went in the old days and to see a steady stream of trucks passing at short intervals.

The road down the eastern side of the pass was not as steep as the climb up the western side, but the surface was slippery with melting snow and our bus skidded frequently. We had covered a distance of 70 km. crossing Chucherh Mountain.

Soon afterwards we saw a glacier descending like a silver dragon from the clouds into a round body of water which mirrored the pine-covered slopes. We had come to the spectacular Hsinlu glacier lake.

Where the Red Army Passed

We crossed the Yarong River and arrived at Kantze county, where we stopped for several days. Kantze in Tibetan means "white and beautiful" and reflects the green surroundings with snow-capped mountains in the distance. Row upon row of flat-roofed Tibetan-style mud and wood houses stand on either side of the old streets. Windowsills are decked with pots of chrysanthemums. The new streets are lined with two-storied red brick buildings roofed with grey tiles. Shade is provided by tall poplars. High-spirited Tibetan youths, knives at their belts, rode down the streets on fine horses. At a shop selling specialties for the nationalities, Tibetan women, their hair done in countless braids, were going in and out, their silver necklaces and hair ornaments jingling as they walked.

Thirty years ago the Long March added peerless glory to Kantze. A contingent of the Red Army made its headquarters here on its way north. It was then that the seeds of revolution and unity were sown

among the various nationalities. The Red Army helped the local Tibetan people to establish the Bodpa government, in which, for the first time in history, they became masters of their own affairs. In a courtyard on an old street, I met the 46-year-old deputy head of a *hsiang* who was leading members of an agricultural producers' cooperative in the threshing of *chingko*. His father, a blacksmith, had been killed by reactionary serf-owners for helping the Red Army to buy grain and fodder. Two of the three leading members of the county government today are Tibetans.

We heard many stories about the unity and friendship then established between Han and Tibetan working people. Most moving was one telling how a number of seriously ill and wounded Red Army men had been left to the care of poor Tibetan serfs, and the long years of hardship they had shared. After Kantze was liberated they organized themselves into agricultural cooperatives.

At the Hopa Agricultural Producers' Cooperative we were greeted by two old Red Army men — Kuo Fu-lin, who now heads the co-op, and Lin Hsing-yuan, the storekeeper. In the office where citation banners and charts covered the walls and a heap of improved *chingko* seed took up much of the floor, these two old fighters told us how they and the formerly homeless Tibetans had struggled to open up wasteland after the liberation.

City of Folk Songs

A two-day continuous fall of snow had blocked the highway on Cheto Mountain. It was quickly cleared by two road-maintenance workers driving a bulldozer while the blizzard still raged. When we passed there was not much snow on the surface but the huge frozen piles on either side of the road were dazzling to the eyes in the sunlight. It was so warm that we had to take off our fur-lined coats.



The Luling iron-chain bridge, scene of a famous victory by the Chinese Red Army during the Long March.

Chen Jih-nang

We rose to 4,000 metres and then made a quick 2,000-metre descent to Kangting, capital of the Kantze Tibetan Autonomous Chou. Clouds hid the sheer peaks which surround the city, situated on either side of a jade-green river, fed by numerous bubbling springs around which the residential districts are built. The Tibetans here are noted for their songs and dances. In fact Kangting is sometimes called "the city adorned with folksongs". During the few days we were there, these lovely melodies constantly filled the air. The words of one of the most popular go:

*The sun rises in the east,
The snow-covered mountains reflect its golden rays.
It seems that Chairman Mao is asking,
"How are you getting along?"
With no words to answer.*

*We ask him just to look
At the red glow on our faces.*

At the autonomous chou's school for training minority nationality cadres, most of the students are liberated serfs and slaves who have become cadres at basic levels — heads of *hsiang*, cooperative leaders and Party branch secretaries. Coming to the school from their jobs, they get further political and general education. The school grounds were vibrant with song.

Lhasa Is Close to Peking

From Kangting the highway continued on a downgrade to the Tatu River, then ran southwards along the western bank to a new steel bridge.

It was in this vicinity that the Red Army crossed to Luling in May 1935. At that time there was only an iron-chain bridge a short distance away, and as the people's

Primary school girls in Sengge (Lion) village, Chamdo county.

Chang Kuan-jung



forces approached, the enemy removed the planks and built block-houses on the banks. Under heavy fire, 22 heroic Red Army men crossed, clinging to the chains to rout the enemy at the bridgehead, opening the way for the Red Army's advance. The old bridge has been preserved and with a deep sense of respect we got off the bus to look at it. Planks were laid over nine heavy iron chains, and two iron chains on either side served as railings. The bridge swayed as we stepped on to it. Looking down at the roaring current in the deep gorge below, we marvelled at the revolutionary courage of the Red Army fighters. Suddenly we heard quick steps behind us and a group of red-scarfed primary school children dashed on to the bridge, which began to sway violently. With schoolbags under one arm and the brooms with which they had just swept their

classroom under the other, they charged forward as if in imitation of the Red Army.

Leaving the Tatu River we came to the Erlang Mountains, the last range on our trip. Here the weather is unpredictable, raining at one moment and snowing the next. The many twists and turns on the steep slopes make this section of the highway one of the most dangerous. But the Erlang range was lower than any of the 13 mountains we had already crossed.

As we wound our way along I remembered something I had been told. In the old days, the reactionaries had boasted they were going to build a highway from Ya-an to Kangting. Local officials took this as an opportunity to rob the people and line their own pockets. Peasants were press-ganged to do the work and thousands died. At the end of ten

years, a lorry was dragged and pushed up the mountain in what was called "a ceremony opening the highway to traffic". Then the lorry was taken apart and carried down the mountain again on the backs of yaks.

As we descended the eastern slope, the Chengtu plain unrolled before us like a vast embroidery. The journey from Lhasa to Peking would have taken half a year in the past. By road and rail it is now only about two weeks and by plane a mere six hours. But Lhasa has become near to Peking not only because of the new communication lines. More important is the smashing of the shackles of feudal serfdom by the Tibetan labouring people, enabling them to advance rapidly along the socialist road at a pace approaching that of the other nationalities in our motherland.

STAMPS OF NEW CHINA

Support for the Just Struggle of the Vietnamese People

ON the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, September 2, 1965, China issued a set of four commemorative 8 fen stamps. Across the top of each is printed "Support the Vietnamese People in Their Patriotic and Just Struggle Against U.S. Aggression".

Stamp 1, chestnut. A Vietnamese fighter firing at the U.S. aggressors. His expression shows that all his hatred

is concentrated in the bullets flaming from his gun.

Stamp 2, bronze-green. A Vietnamese fighter, with captured rifles slung over his shoulder and U.S. steel helmets in one hand, is shown against a background of a coconut grove and people cheering the victory.

Stamp 3, brown-purple. A fighter raises his fist in a victory salute.

Stamp 4, red and grey. In front of unfurled red flags, the people of all continents advance shoulder to shoulder with the Vietnamese people.

Size: stamps 1, 2 and 3, 30 x 40 mm.; stamp 4, 52 x 31 mm. Perf.: stamps 1, 2 and 3, 11; stamp 4, 11½. Colour photographed. Index No. Commemorative 117. Serial Nos. 382-385.



OUR POSTBAG

Thanks for Support!

I wish to express through this letter my best wishes and heartfelt greetings to the Chinese people and their great leader Comrade Mao Tse-tung. I also wish to express my deep appreciation to the Chinese people for their support to the peoples who are suffering under U.S. imperialism.

The articles in *China Reconstructs* about the progress in China during the past few years have aroused my particular attention. In the recent issues of your magazine, I have read about the advances made by the people's communes. I was astonished by their progress and by the unity of the Chinese people.

Everybody can see that China has advanced so much because she has a socialist (Marxist-Leninist) system, so the people exercise all the state power.

We, the people of Morocco, will not achieve peace unless we drive out the U.S. imperialists, who are plundering our land while we are in misery and unhappiness.

I was also impressed by the Chinese government statement which denounced the U.S. imperialist acts of aggression against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. I am sure that China will stand firmly side by side with the people of Vietnam in fighting against the U.S. imperialists' barbarous acts of aggression.

EL-MOUSS MOUSSA
Berrechid, Morocco

We Share Your Pride

The article "Mother and Son Reunited After 23 Years" in the June 1965 issue clearly shows the ends to which want, poverty and helplessness can drive one in the cruel, selfish capitalist society. It clearly justifies the heroic struggle for liberation led by that great Asian of our times—Mao Tse-tung. The search for Fu-yu convinced us that under communism every citizen is cared for. You are a very lucky people.

We deeply congratulate the People's Liberation Army for destroying the U.S. spy planes. We congratulate the government for the possession of atom bombs, as this will break the monopoly of the arrogant U.S. and Britain. We Afro-Asians are happy to share in your pride.

A. AGUNBIADE and R. OHIOMA
Ibadan, Nigeria

'China' Means 'Word of Honour'

When I, a young Malian, hear the word "China", all of a sudden I feel happy. It is as though a father were beside me saying into my ear: "I am going to ask you a question and if you do not know the answer I shall conclude that you are not a good Malian. U.S. or China

—which should we love?" I answer, "I have always known the U.S. as a disturber of peace in the world. As for China, it is a brother to all in Africa, and has always fought for world peace. Who would not prefer China to the American imperialists who are trying to drown Vietnam in a sea of blood? Besides, in my local dialect the word "China" means "word of honour".

This father is my country which tells me: "You are a good Malian for you know how to recognize your true friends."

BOCAR SABANE TRAORE
Circle of Kidal, Mali

Actions Speak Louder...

Thanks to magazines like *China Reconstructs* and *China Pictorial* and to the growing number of western journalists and writers who have visited China and seen for themselves the great things that have happened, the ordinary people in the western world are beginning (despite being bombarded for years by American anti-Chinese anti-communist propaganda) to know the truth: that since liberation the people of China with the guidance of a good socialist government have transformed the China of old, where the mass of the people lived in poverty and degradation and illiteracy at the mercy of landlords and corrupt officialdom, into a society where men are equal under the law, where none go hungry, where all can look forward to increasing security and prosperity. In the knowledge that they are working for the common good, the Chinese people have worked hard and achieved much, and want only to live in peace and get on with the job of reconstructing their country. It is said that actions speak louder than words and the People's Republic of China has proved by its actions that it loves peace. The government of the U.S.A. uses words like disarmament, peace, non-aggression, coexistence and the like, but I would suggest that its actions in South America and Vietnam speak louder than any words.

S. SKELLINGTON
Buxton, U.K.

Articles Show Confidence

Even if I had no knowledge of the liberation and the miraculous changes wrought in China, it would be obvious that something wonderful is happening just by reading *China Reconstructs*. Apart from the pictures and stories themselves, there is a quality that is evident in every article. I think it is caused by a deep confidence and pride about every subject. Perhaps this is not evident to the authors, but I am certain it is to every reader. The struggle for liberation was a long and difficult one, but this reward and every other one reaped will be eternal.

A READER
Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Socialism, the Only Hope

We receive your monthly magazine with joy. It is only through this magazine that we are able to know the reality of the great Chinese revolution.

The progress achieved during the last few years by the People's Republic of

China shows the world that socialism is the only hope for a better life, and that in spite of all the opposition of the imperialists, socialism will bury capitalism for ever.

OSCAR NAVA LOPEZ
Mexico, D.F., Mexico

Continue Fighting!

Through a friend I came to know your magazine, which shows in a very simple way the advancement and progress of your country, its great spirit of work and unity.

I admire all your successes and progress and wish you to continue fighting not only for yourselves but also for the whole world that awaits so much from your efforts.

HECTOR CAICEDO C.
Medellin, Colombia

Exploitation Clearly Shown

"The Road to Complete Economic Independence" is most interesting because Afro-Asian economic development is and has been jeopardized by the western imperialists and their lackeys. Therefore I have to congratulate the People's Republic of China and especially the writers for *China Reconstructs* for laying down a clear picture of the imperialists' exploitation of the economies of the African, Asian and Latin American countries.

HASSAN HERSI WARFA
Hargeisa, Somalia

U.S. Will Be Defeated

The Vietnamese students shout "Victory is Ours! U.S. Aggressors Will Be Defeated!" and now the whole world shouts that U.S. aggressors will be defeated. It is really true and will be so very soon.

V. JEE TUN
Triolet, Mauritius

I am expressing my gratitude to the people of south Vietnam who are fighting for their rights against the common enemy of all of us in Africa, Asia and Latin America. I again thank my brothers in south Vietnam who have bombed the U.S. embassy in Saigon. Although I am only 16 years of age, I am ready to volunteer myself to fight the cunning wolf if I am needed. We are even fighting the same wolf here in Africa.

ABDLILAH ABDI
Bungoma, Kenya

Common People Have a Voice

In your June 1965 issue I enjoyed the article "Farmers Develop Advanced Methods". It was well written and highly informative. But the thing I found most wonderful was that the common people have a voice that can be heard all over the world. It unloosed some of the enthusiasm about the new way of life. This is very important. Also, the article by Anna Louise Strong in the same issue was superb. It levelled poised blows at U.S. imperialism and exposed it in all of its hideous nakedness. The source quotes by the U.S. press, no less, were great!

A READER
California, U.S.A.

